

RUHR PROBLEM: 8,000,000 MARKS FOR 100 WORDS

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

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as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1923

One Penny.

THE KING AND QUEEN IN AN ALARMING SCENE



The arrested man arriving at the police station.



The arrested cripple descending from a Midland Railway horse-van with detectives.

An alarming incident occurred on the arrival of the King and Queen at St. Pancras yesterday from Sandringham. As they were going to their motor-car a cripple rushed

towards them brandishing his crutch. When a few yards from them he was arrested. At the police station he is said to have given incoherent replies.

GERMAN SHOPS TRY TO BOYCOTT THE FRENCH.



A sign, such as may be seen in many Berlin shop windows, announcing that French and Belgians are not supplied. In some cases British and American individuals have made effective protest by threatening to withdraw their custom.

BARONET AND HIS CHARMING BRIDE OF TO-DAY.



Miss Mary Prendergast, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Prendergast, and Sir Timothy Eden, Bart., who are to be married to-day at St. George's, Hanover-square. Children in twelfth-century brocade will be bridesmaids.

8,000,000 MARKS IN PRIZES.

Simple 100-Word Contest
on Ruhr Crisis.

'DAILY MIRROR' GIFT.

What Attitude Should Great
Britain Adopt?

One question is of paramount importance
at the present moment—the question of the
Ruhr.

The *Daily Mirror*, therefore, is offering prizes
amounting in all to 8,000,000 marks to the
three readers who, in a hundred words, give
the best opinion of what Great Britain
should do in view of the situation between
France and Germany.

Opinions must be written on a postcard or
half-sheet of notepaper and must not exceed
one hundred words.

The prize money will be delivered free of
charge for the three most concise and logically
expressed opinions sent to this office.

"STICK TO THE POINT."

Answers Must State Clearly What
Great Britain Should Do.

Competitors are reminded that a definite ques-
tion has been asked, to which a definite and
concise answer must be given.

What must Great Britain do, and why? is
the subject, so the answers should state clearly
the course which should be adopted and giving
reasons for the action.

A large number of the entries already received
contain too many generalisations, and not
enough argument.

The vast quantity of marks (eight millions)
offered in this unique competition represented
in pre-war currency no less a sum than £40,000.
The prize money will be divided as follows:—

First Prize	5,000,000 marks
Second Prize	2,000,000 marks
Third Prize	1,000,000 marks

If anything were needed to show how keenly
interested the public is in the attitude which
Great Britain should adopt towards the French
occupation of Germany's coal-mining and indus-
trial district it would be found in the thousands
of opinions already sent in.

They continue to arrive at this office by every
post. Some competitors contend that the
British Government should actively support
France's occupation of the Ruhr as the only
means of extracting the overdue reparations
from Germany.

Others hold the opinion that the British
Government should "wait and see," that it
should continue its present policy of watching
developments.

Whatever your opinion may be, send it to—

The Editor,
The *Daily Mirror*,
23-29, Bouverie-street,
London, E.C.4.

and endorse your postcard or envelope "Ruhr"
in the top left-hand corner.
Competitors must head their half-sheet of
notepaper or postcard,

WHAT GREAT BRITAIN MUST DO—AND
WHY.

Then tell us in 100 words your views and the
reasons which govern them.

All competitors must accept the decision of
the Editor as legally binding in every way.
Readers are warned not to gamble in German
marks.

It is, of course, purely a matter of conjecture
at what rate of exchange the mark will be estab-
lished in the future. It may ultimately depend
upon Britain's policy in regard to the Ruhr
whether your prize will be worth its pre-war
value in the years to come.

The closing date of the competition will be
announced soon, so no time should be lost in
sending in your opinion.

Do not forget that if you win a prize the great
quantity of marks which are yours will be deliv-
ered to you home free of any road, rail or
shipping charges.

DEAD WOMAN MYSTERY.

Detectives Seeking for Sailor—Hunt
in Portsea Crime.

In their efforts to solve the mystery of the
murder of Mary Pelham at Portsea, Portsmouth
police have called in the aid of Scotland Yard.
Detective Inspector Mercer and Detective Ser-
geant Yandell, from Scotland Yard, have gone
to Portsea to investigate the crime.

It is understood that their inquiries are
mainly concerned with sailors on board out-
going ships, as the last person seen with the
woman was a sailor.

18-YEAR-OLD WIDOW'S GAS DEATH.

Accidental Death was the verdict at Hackney
yesterday on an eighteen-year-old widow, Sarah
Bartlett, of Stoke Newington, who was found
dead in bed poisoned by gas.

It was stated that the gas had escaped from an
old gas bracket in which there was a large frac-
ture.

VITAL FIVE VOTES.

Final Scrutiny of North-East
Derbyshire Poll.

MAGNIFYING GLASS USED.

The re-count of the votes recorded in the
North-East Derbyshire parliamentary election
commenced yesterday morning at the Royal
Court of Justice, before Master Jelf, the pre-
scribed officer. The proceedings are likely to
last several days.

The figures, as announced at the General
Election, after several recounts, gave Mr. Frank
Lee, the Labour candidate, a majority of five
over Mr. J. Stanley
Holmes, the Liberal candi-

There are some 27,000
votes to be counted, and
each separate paper was
very carefully scrutinised
by the aid, in many in-
stances, of powerful magni-
fying glasses.

The papers of Mr. Lee
were dealt with first. Each
paper was examined by the
Master, and then passed to
the representatives of the
parties for inspection. It
was then either passed or
reserved for subsequent and more detailed
scrutiny.

When an adjournment was made for luncheon
950 papers had been passed and fourteen re-
served.

BRAVE GRANDMOTHER.

Wades Into Canal to Save Daughter
and Grandson.

Bravery of a grandmother resulted in her
daughter and grandson being rescued from a
canal at Cross Keys, near Newport (Mon.).

Mrs. Arthur Carter jumped into the Mon-
mouthshire Canal to rescue her little boy, who
had fallen into the water.

She could not swim, and was soon in difficul-
ties, but her own mother went to her assistance
and waded into the water.

Mrs. Carter, with the child in her arms, was
as a result dragged to safety.

NEWSBOY'S ROMANCE.

Scotsman Who Sold Papers at Ten
Celebrates Ninetieth Birthday.

Mr. Robert Forrester, the Scottish bookseller,
has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday in
Glasgow.

His first start in business was made at the age
of ten, when he purchased three copies of the
Glasgow newspaper daily at 6d. each, and lent
them to eighteen customers at 2d. a time, thus
making 1s. 6d. profit.

Later in the day he sold the papers for 3d.
each, bringing his total drawings up to 3s. 9d.

His next step was the purchase of a barrow,
with which he sold books in the salt market.
To-day he owns one of the largest shops in the
city.

DESERTED WIFE.

Woman's Divorce Court Story of
Marriage That Was Unhappy.

A decree nisi was yesterday granted in the
Divorce Court to Mrs. Keith Stuart Mackenzie
Rankine, of Ashley-gardens, Westminster, owing
to desertion and misconduct of her husband,
who did not defend the suit.

Mrs. Rankine said she was married in Feb-
ruary, 1917. Their life became unhappy.

In 1920 her husband tried to persuade her to
take nullity proceedings against him, and in
June she filed a petition for nullity, but after
she had consulted her solicitors the petition was
dismissed.

The following year she offered to take her
husband back, but he refused to come. He then
took nullity proceedings against her, but Mr.
Justice Branson dismissed the case on June 15,
1922.

Last July she obtained a decree of restitution
of conjugal rights.

Evidence was given of misconduct by the
husband at the Charing Cross Hotel in August,
1922.

BUSMEN'S "NO!"

Big Ballot Majority Against Plan
to Reduce Wages.

London workers have voted against the Com-
pany's proposal to reduce wages of drivers by
two shillings and of conductors by sixpence a
week. The result of the ballot declared yester-
day was:—

For rejection	7,884
For acceptance	1,352

Majority against

The negotiating committee of the men's union
strongly advised acceptance of the provisional
agreement, which affects nearly 15,000 omnibus
workers.

"There is no question of a strike," an official
of the union stated, "the men being merely
asked to vote for the rejection or acceptance."

CITY LIFT SMASH.

Six Men Hurt in Mishap—Fell
from Fourth Floor.

FIFTY-FOOT DROP.

Six men—a caretaker and five painters who
were employed in the building—were hurt in a
lift accident at Camomile Chambers, Camomile-
street, E.C., yesterday, when a lift fell about
fifty feet from the fourth floor to the basement.
Their names are:—

Fred Newby (52), of High-road, Leyton.
Charles King (58), of Arundel-square, Barns-
bury.
John Ridgewell (57), of Cary-road, Leyton-
ston.

Walter Andrews (53), of Camomile-street, E.C.
Herbert King (48), of Victoria-road, Ed-
monton.

Joseph Bushnell (40), of Boulwer-road, Silver-
street, Edmonton.

All the men were taken to hospital. Herbert
King was treated for a cut head and discharged.

The others were detained, suffering from in-
juries to their feet, and two of them—Fred
Newby and Joseph Bushnell—had fractured
legs.

RESTAURANTS INVADED.

Marchers at Brighton Who Com-
plained of Diet at Workhouse.

Brighton restaurants and eating-houses were
invaded yesterday by unemployed marchers,
who, after arriving from London, complained of
the workhouse diet, although it exceeded the
regulation allowance.

Splitting up into parties, the marchers in-
vaded restaurants, with varying success. At
one place they told the proprietor to send the
bill for the food they had consumed to the
Board of Guardians. Police arrived, and sixteen
men were detained.

PRINCESS MARY.

The Queen's First Care After Her
Arrival in London.

The Queen's first care on reaching London
yesterday afternoon from Sandringham was to
drive to Chesterfield House, Mayfair, to visit her
daughter, Princess Mary.

Her Majesty returned to Buckingham Palace
for luncheon, and she and the King were joined
there by the Prince of Wales.

DOG STARVED TO DEATH.

Owner Sent to Prison and Ordered
to Pay £3 3s. Costs.

For cruelty to a dog, William Todd, of Nor-
cut-road, Twickenham, was sent to prison for a
week and ordered to pay three guineas costs by
the Brentford magistrates yesterday.

Evidence was given that for a long time the
animal had been kept on a chain in the back-
yard of Todd's house. It had only a small iron
tank by way of a kennel, and was exposed to all
weathers.

The ground around the kennel was sodden
with rain and filth. The dog died in January.
Inspector Batten, of the B.S.P., said he
found that the dog had only a little sodden,
stale bread to eat, and there was a jam jar
containing some green "scummy" water, too
far away for the dog to reach.

A veterinary surgeon said that death was due
to starvation and want of attention and accom-
modation.

THREW THE TEAPOT.

Husband Says 'We Started Throwing
Cups and Mine Happened to Hit.'

Flying teacups and a teapot figured in a story
told at Lambeth yesterday when George W.
King, a Kennington Cross bricklayer, was sent
to prison for three months for assaulting his
wife.

Inspector Dayrell stated that he found Mrs.
King wounded in the head and being supported
by two women, and when asked what was the
matter, King replied: "It's only me and the
missus, sir. We started throwing cups about,
and mine happened to hit her."

At the police station King said: "She threw
a teacup and gave me this bump on the fore-
head, and then I threw the teapot."

Mrs. King, who declared she did not wish to
press the charge, said she threw a teapot across
the room. Her husband threw it back and it
caught her on the forehead.

Mrs. King's injuries, it was stated, were not
serious.

WOMAN'S FEAR OF 'BOGY MAN.'

Obsessed with the fear that she would become
permanently insane, Millicent Jane Hall, thirty-
five, of Brixton-hill, threw herself from a win-
dow and was fatally injured.

At the inquest at Lambeth yesterday, when a
doctor of Salside while she was returned, it
was stated that she told her father, after the
fall that a "bogy man" was beside her and
told her to do it.

LOST HANDBAG'S POLITICAL SECRET.

Public Man's Portraits
Left in Theatre.

UNCLAIMED.

Inscription "To the Most
Wonderful Woman."

Piquant suggestions of romance—with a
political flavour—appeal to be attached to
an advertisement in the "agony" columns
of two London daily papers yesterday.

The wording of the announcement was
sufficiently prosaic; it ran as follows:—

"The young lady, who occupied Stall F 12 at
last Wednesday's matinee at the London
Hippodrome is earnestly requested to com-
municate at the earliest possible moment
with the manager of that theatre."

Behind this lies the tale of a lost handbag,
a "wonderful woman" and a very well-known
politician.

'PHONE INQUIRER.

Unknown Woman Who Withdrew Her
Claim to the Bag.

According to the manager of the Hippodrome,
the handbag was found under the seat of Stall
F 12 after the matinee performance last Wednes-
day.

Nobody wrote or communicated with the
theatre in any way concerning it, and subse-
quently it was handed to the manager, who
opened it, at the earliest possible moment, for
the insertion of the announcement quoted above.

The bag contained, in addition to the cus-
tomary cosmetics, two photographs of a very
well-known politician. Across one of them was
written the words: "To the most wonderful
woman in the world."

Certainly it would seem that some strange
tale lurks behind this mysteriously unclaimed
bag. So far, only two applicants for it have
come forward, but it has not yet been restored
to its owner.

The first claimant telephoned; at first she said
that she had sat in the stall designated, but
when invited to come and see the manager she
expressed doubt as to whether it was the seat
F 12 that she had occupied.

The second, a foreign woman, misread the
announcement, and thought that it was an offer
of employment.

Meanwhile the bag, of dark blue silk taffetas,
surmounted by an ivory handle and clasp, re-
poses in the office of the manager, and the por-
traits are safely guarded in the safe.

If the unknown owner does not claim her prop-
erty within three months from the date on
which it was found, the manager intends to
destroy the photographs.

SWAZI CHIEF'S HOMAGE.

The King's "I Have Spoken" Ends
Palace Meeting with African Ruler.

When King Sobhuza, the paramount chief of
Swaziland, had an audience yesterday of the
King, royal coaches were sent to convey him
and his suite to Buckingham Palace.

During the interview the paramount chief,
who was dressed in European style, presented
"loyal and devoted greetings" on behalf of his
people.

Replying, the King expressed thanks, and
concluded:—"I trust that you will be able to
lead the chief recent, your noise, and the chiefs
and people that your stay in England has been
pleasant and instructive. I have spoken and
now bid you good-bye."

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Weather Forecast.—Colder in northern dis-
tricts, with some snow. Mild in the south.
Lighting-up time, 5.42 p.m.

Cheap Herrings.—Herrings have been landed
in such quantities that they are realising only
a penny for forty at Teignmouth.

Bedroom Mystery.—Frederick Biddle, fifty-
eight, of Westwood, near Broadstairs, was found
dead in his bedroom near the fireplace with his
clothes smouldering.

Stabbed After Marriage.—Betty Hatchard,
twenty-seven, was remanded at Lambeth yester-
day charged with stabbing John Leat, a tram driver,
a week after his marriage.

Labour M.P. Married.—Mr. Morgan Jones,
Labour M.P. for Caerphilly, was married yester-
day at Merthyr Tydfil by Miss Gladys Thomas, and
later left for Bournemouth.

Horse in Shop Window.—Leaping into a
Hinckley shop window yesterday, a horse had
to be pulled into the shop and taken out by a
side-mance. It was later destroyed.

Ex-Mayor Athlete.—Mr. Albert J. Eggleston,
ex-Mayor of Derby who died yesterday, aged
fifty-six, had been president of the Midland
Counties Cross Country Association, was an all-
round athlete.

McGrigor Bank Failure.—Owing to the illness
of Sir James McGrigor, Bart., and to the fact
that the statement of affairs has not yet been
lodged, the public examination, fixed for Feb-
ruary 2, will be adjourned.

THE KING AND QUEEN IN DRAMATIC STATION SCENE

**Dash for Royal Carriage by Crippled Man
Concealed Behind Taxis at St. Pancras.**

WITHIN SIX FEET OF BRANDISHED CRUTCH

**Ex-Soldier Found To Be Victim of Shell Shock and
Neuritis—Incoherent Replies to Police.**

A dramatic incident attended the arrival of the King and Queen at St. Pancras Station yesterday afternoon on a brief visit from Sandringham to Buckingham Palace.

Limping across the roadway to the platform brandishing a crutch stick, a crippled ex-Serviceman got within six feet of the King and Queen before he was seized by police and railway officials.

The man, who had concealed himself behind a row of taxicabs, was found to be suffering from shell shock. He disclaimed any intention of violence.

The King and Queen, though momentarily surprised, were unmoved by the incident, and smiled and bowed to cheering crowds as they drove away.

**STICK RAISED AS QUEEN WAR CLOUDS DARKENING
ENTERS CARRIAGE.**

**Man's Previous Attempt to
Attract Notice.**

RECOGNISED BY THE KING.

An amazing incident marked the return of the King and Queen from Sandringham to London yesterday afternoon.

When their Majesties were about to drive out of St. Pancras Station a lame ex-Serviceman, stated to be suffering from shell shock, who was standing on the lower part of the platform, rushed forward as though to intercept them.

He was using a sort of crutch stick, and as he got into the roadway he raised this, but whether with the idea of saluting or calling attention to himself was not clear.

WITNESS' STORY.

When interrogated by the police, the man declared that he wanted to speak to the King. He disclaimed the intention of displaying any threatening attitude.

Scotland Yard last night stated that the man, Frank Abrahams, thirty-four, was wounded at Ypres in 1917. His grievance is that his pension is insufficient.

Describing the incident, an eye-witness told *The Daily Mirror*:

"Their Majesties had descended from the train at No. 5 Platform at 12.20 p.m., and had shaken hands with one or two officials."

"The Queen, followed by the King, was about to enter a motor-car, when a man who had hidden himself behind a row of taxis, drawn up in the roadway separating No. 5 from No. 6 Platform, limped across to within six feet of the Queen, with uplifted club in his hand."

"He was restrained by officials, and after a struggle was conveyed to the police headquarters on the station."

"Afterwards the man was taken in a closed van to Platts-street Police Station, where he was detained."

THE QUEEN'S SMILE.

"The King and Queen did not flinch, and both seemed quite unmoved by the incident, bowing and smiling in response to sympathetic cheers as they drove off to Buckingham Palace."

"The Queen, who was nearest the man, calmly watched the struggle between the man and the detectives."

"The man is said to be a St. Pancras resident and well known in the district."

It is stated that on a former occasion he attempted to speak to the King.

When examined by Superintendent McBrien at the police-station the man was found to be suffering from shell-shock neuritis, and was incoherent in his replies.

The man has been for some time well known as a frequenter of the station on the occasion of arrivals and departures of prominent personages.

The King himself recognised the man as one whom he had seen on a number of previous occasions.

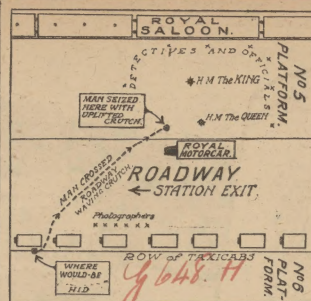
RETURN TO SANDRINGHAM.

After the King had held a Council at Buckingham Palace and received the Swazi Paramount Chief, their Majesties yesterday returned to Sandringham by the 3.55 train from St. Pancras.

Neither the date of the Duke of York's wedding nor the place where it will be solemnised has yet been decided upon.

DIED IN PULPIT.

When about to begin his sermon in North Luffham Church, near Stamford, the rector, the Rev. E. A. Irons, collapsed in the pulpit and died. Mr. Irons, who was formerly headmaster of Bishop Cotton School, Simla, was seventy-two.



Map showing the scene of the incident at St. Pancras yesterday on their Majesties' arrival.

**WONDERFUL FIGURES IN
TUT-ANKH AMEN'S TOMB.**

**Native Who Believed the
Statues Were Real Men.**

LORD CARNARVON'S ARRIVAL.

Luxor, Monday.

Lord Carnarvon, accompanied by his daughter, Lady Evelyn Herbert, and Mr. Howard Carter, arrived here this morning and drove to the Winter Palace Hotel.

A large crowd of tourists is expected to throng to the Royal Necropolis on Wednesday, when the removal of the last remaining objects from the outer chamber of Tut-ankh Amen's tomb will be undertaken.

These include life-size effigies of the monarch, which stand erect and facing inwards, as though they were guarding the door to the sealed chamber. These statues, more than any other of the treasures, seem to have caught the imagination of the natives.

One of the native diggers who has entered the tomb declares that for the moment he believed that two men were in the chamber, so lifelike are those ebony statues.—Reuter.

MUMMY WRAPPED IN MANUSCRIPT.

Although many unsuccessful efforts have been made to read the fragment of manuscript wrapped round a mummy in the Museum at Agram, which is the most important fragment of Etruscan writing yet discovered, Mr. Demia now states that he believes he has discovered a method which may ultimately lead to an understanding of the language (says a Reuter Paris message).

He has mastered the general sense of the eleven columns of the Agram manuscript. One column deals with the religious observances of the Etruscan marriage ceremony. Two lines of this column which Major Demia can translate word for word relate to the composition of the sacred cake which thus, in Etruscan observance, played the same essential role as in the Roman marriage ceremony.

U.S. DEBT PROBLEM.

**Cabinet May Meet To-day to Consider
Chancellor's Report.**

It is probable that the Cabinet will meet to-day to receive Mr. Baldwin's report of his negotiations in Washington with regard to the funding of the British debt.

There are no indications as to what attitude the British Government will adopt with regard to the U.S. proposal, but it is pointed out in well-informed quarters that the Government is very largely dependent upon public opinion and upon the fact that there now appears to be little possibility of Britain ever recovering any of her colossal public debts or any substantial reparations payment.

The only two New York morning papers which commented yesterday on Mr. Baldwin's statement on reaching London, cables Reuter, consider that the Chancellor has been indiscreet.

BRIDE SETS NEW STYLE.

**Trailing Tulle Veil Instead of Usual
Court Train.**

A new French fashion was introduced by Miss Hersey Corbet, who was married to Mr. Michael Donaldson-Hudson at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, yesterday.

The bride dispensed with a court train, and wore instead the voluminous tulle veil beloved of Paris, which trails the ground for about four yards, forming a train much longer than those worn at present-day Courts.

Miss Corbet, who seemed to disappear in a mist of tulle as she proceeded up the aisle, wore a dress of silver and turquoise blue shot tissue, the two side panels lined with a vivid blue matching the turquoise girdle.

Princess Helena Victoria, who attended the wedding, afterwards signed the register, and was escorted to and from the vestry, by Major Bertram Corbet.

**GERMAN TRICKERY IN
RUHR DEFEATED.**

**Public Services as Usual
Under French Control.**

STRIKE FIASCO.

**Occupation Success Triumph
of Paris Organisation.**

PARIS, Monday.

The Foreign Office denies that a general strike of railwaymen has occurred in the occupied territory.

Trains are running as usual at Coblenz and Treves, with only slight difficulties at Cologne.

Martial law has been declared at Moers.

Latest dispatches from the Ruhr show that Germany is embarking on a new policy of open sabotage, principally by cutting telephone and telegraphic communications, while still threatening a general strike of public services save such as are necessary to assure the supply of food.

M. Le Trocquer and General Weygand will confer at Dusseldorf with General Degoutte regarding certain measures which are to be put into force.

In the first place, they will deal with the organisation of railroad transport. Coercive measures will be taken against German officials, who will be replaced by French.

The *Matin* says M. Le Trocquer and General Weygand will consider with General Degoutte the best means of breaking down the German obstruction and getting full value out of the occupation from the point of view of reparations, as well as from the point of view of sanctions.

Public services are to be organised as occasion demands, and measures are to be taken to replace the strikers and punish those guilty of sabotage.—Exchange.

PARIS PLANS WORK WELL.

**If Germans Get More Violent They
Will Be Dealt With More Sternly.**

PARIS, Monday.

The French continue imperturbably completing their preparations for isolating the Ruhr, despite the organised campaign of sabotage in the public services in the occupied territory on both banks of the Rhine which succeeded the abortive attempts at a general strike.

The French declare that the only result of more violent methods of obstruction will be sterner measures of suppression, and no doubt is felt as to the ability to deal with any situation that may arise.

The quiet determination with which the French authorities, military and civil, are developing their plan of operations finds a counterpoint in the calm confidence of public opinion throughout France.

The almost complete avoidance of serious incidents is regarded as sufficient proof of the tact and skill with which the military authorities have performed their delicate task.—Reuter.

Marks 646 a Penny.—Quotations for the mark reached a new low level record on the London market yesterday, the maximum being 155,000 to the £ (646 a penny), which improved later to 149,000 to the £ (623 a penny).

£700,000 GERMAN ORDERS.

**Big Purchases of Coal from Britain
for Shipment Soon.**

It was confirmed on the Humber Coal Market yesterday that Germany has purchased over 200,000 tons of Yorkshire, Derbyshire and Nottingham coal for shipment during the next three months.

The big inquiry for coal by Germany continues on the Newcastle market. Supplies were very scarce yesterday, and small available lots were sold at an advance of half a crown per ton.

No inquiries have been received in Swansea for coal from Germany, and the Welsh towns are getting no share of the British orders, amounting to £700,000, because the freights from the East Coast are 1s. 8d. a ton lower than from South Wales.

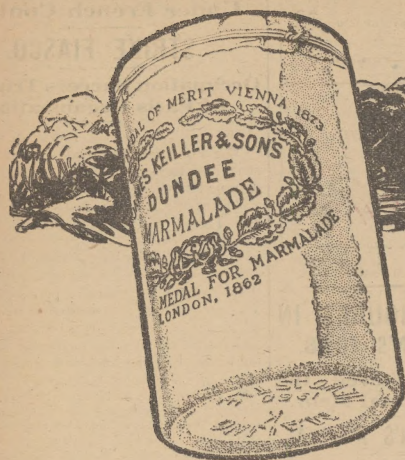
Labour Wants Parliament Summoned.—The Parliamentary Labour Party met yesterday and decided to ask the Prime Minister to summon Parliament earlier than February 13 to consider the Ruhr situation.

CHARCOAL FUMES FATAL.

**Man Who Was Found Dead with His
Face Half Shaved.**

Death from poisoning by carbonic oxide gas was the Barrow inquest verdict yesterday on William Golightly, fifty, Walney Island, Barrow, who was found dead in his bathroom, with his face half-shaved.

A paraffin stove heating charcoal had been used to heat the bath, and fumes from the charcoal had caused death.



*Bring the sun of Spain to
your Breakfast Table in the
White Pot o' Dundee—*

and brighten your breakfast on Winter mornings.

Ask your Grocer for the *new season* Keiller's marmalade—fresh from the new crop of oranges ripened in the glowing sunshine of Spain.

You will enjoy the full, zesty flavour of the finest yield of recent years, preserved in the Keiller way.

Up with the White Pots o' Bonnie Dundee!

KEILLER'S

DUNDEE WHITE POT MARMALADE

EVERY GOOD GROCER SELLS IT

EVERY WOMAN'S HAIR-BEAUTY GIFT

Test Free the Wonderful Benefits of
"Harlene Hair-Drill."

1,000,000 COMPLETE SEVEN DAYS'
OUTFITS TO BE DISTRIBUTED.

EVERY woman looks into the mirror, and there is every reason why she should, for Nature has given to woman the gift of beauty.

Healthy, radiant, abundant hair, makes all the difference to woman's appearance (and men's too, for that matter), and now you have the opportunity to try the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method of securing and maintaining hair health and beauty free.

A USEFUL AND WELCOME FREE GIFT.

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After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d. and 4s. 9d. per bottle, "Uzon" Brilliantine 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each), and "Astol" for Grey Hair at 3s. and 5s. per bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1923

DECLINE AND FALL?

WHATEVER future historians—if there are any—may have to say about the present time, they will not be able to say that it was too *optimistic*.

For it has become the fashion amongst our "highbrows" to talk currently of decadence, of the "doom" of civilisation, and of the "decay" of the post-war world.

Every essayist, from Dean Inge to Signor Nitti, from Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb to Professor Graham Wallas, seems to be joining this chorus of pessimistic prediction. If we perish it will not be for want of warning!

This Gibbonian decline-and-fall feeling—a sort of intellectual influenza—probably has not as yet deeply affected the man in the street—unless, indeed, he happens to be in the street because he has nowhere else to go.

He sees what seems to him to be so solidly built a civilisation! Where is the human equivalent of Attila to come from? Where is the barbarian race that is to overwhelm us and our cinemas? Wireless intelligence gives no news of these invaders.

Yet Dean Inge has shown that we don't need an external foe. "We breed our own" barbarians. And what perhaps best differentiates this civilisation from any that has gone before it, is the enormous population, kept alive, in most modern countries, only by that same artificial system of credit and stability of trading intercourse.

When will our official experts—as distinct from our prophets of evil—begin to consider this relation between our numbers and the means of safely supporting them? At present they mostly prefer to utter vague moans over the latest Registrar-General's Report of a "record low birth-rate," which, as Mr. Harold Cox has pointed out in his most interesting book on the "Population Problem," may have little to do with the *survival rate* and the volume of population in these islands.

FILM CENSORSHIP.

WE don't know whether Charles Dickens would have agreed with Mr. T. P. O'Connor's explanation of the recent ban upon certain scenes in the "Oliver Twist" film.

Probably he would—if the case had been so amiably made clear to him.

He was, as you know, a highly moral novelist.

But in his time it seems to have been believed that such fierce incidents as the murder of Nancy by Bill Sikes, or Mr. Quilp's brutal treatment of his timid wife, were *cautionary*—they were meant, that is, to warn people off such conduct.

"Be a good boy, now, or you will grow up to be like that!" it was said—meaning like Sikes or Jack Sheppard.

Unfortunately a later age has discovered—or thinks it has—that the careers of these vigorous ruffians present pictorial attractions so great that they set in motion the great laws of imitation. The cautioned youth answers: "But I would rather like to live like that!"

So he is not allowed to see how Bill inclined to theft, lest he should pick up useful hints about that anti-social occupation.

W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 29.—In many gardens birds do much damage at this season. They will quickly ruin a carnation bed by pecking at the shoots; it is, therefore necessary to stretch black cotton above the plants. Crocus flowers—and in some district primroses—are also often attacked, and must be protected before harm is done.

Currant and gooseberry bushes should be dusted occasionally with a mixture of lime and soot, or they may be sprayed with an approved mixture.

Autumn-sown sweet peas must be covered with netting at once.

E. F. T.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

In the Ruhr—Prayer Book Reform—Rules of the Road—Bullying in Public Schools—Joys of Jazz.

CHIVALRY AT SCHOOL.

WHATEVER the authorities may have to say about the recent incident of a Blue Coat boy, I cannot help thinking that fathers and mothers will scarcely be able to take so placid a view of the tragedy.

I always supposed that some sort of chivalry was inculcated at our big public schools. Is it chivalrous to kick a boy with whom one happens to have a quarrel?

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.

UNDOUBTEDLY bullying is much less common in public schools to-day than it used to be.

If we read Charles Lamb's account of condi-

FINAL SETTLEMENT.

THE action taken by the French in the Ruhr seems objectionable in some quarters because it appears to cancel all former attempts to make Germany pay reparations.

Those attempts, however, have proved themselves valueless and ineffective, so surely there is not much harm in making a fresh one, which promises to be final.

Belmont Hill, St. Albans.

OUR PRAYER BOOK.

SURELY the reformers of our Prayer Book have a very good case?

As I understand the matter, they do not suggest that all churches should be obliged to use

THE CHOICE OF THE IDEAL WIFE.



Much advice is given to young men about the careful choice of a wife. And yet there are disadvantages in almost every type!

tions at Christ's Hospital when he was a boy, we are horrified at the unparalleled brutality of life led there.

The truth is that most boys of from 16 to 18 are inclined to be callous and careless of other people's feelings. In my opinion these bigger boys ought not to be at the same school as the smaller boys at all. Boys ought to go to the university when they are about 17. That would help to remove the bullying type of boy from associating with boys younger and weaker than himself.

As to the prefectorial system, I consider it an outrage that bigger boys should be given the power to punish younger ones.

Victoria-road, S.W.

PREFECTS.

THE tragic accident at the Blue Coat School has given rise to attacks on the prefectorial system.

But generalisations from a single case should be avoided, and, on the whole, the system which makes the older boys responsible for the behaviour of their younger companions is entirely praiseworthy.

On the Continent, where prefects do not exist, all the pupils are—as they were—allied against the masters. In England the masters, by means of the prefects, have supporters in the "enemy's" camp.

Another point is that, by giving a feeling of responsibility to youths just before they enter into the vicissitudes of life, the prefectorial system provides them with an understanding of their duties.

FORMER PREFECT.

Wimbledon.

the reformed book. They simply present it as an alternative.

Those who still prefer to go on with the re-vengeful psalms and sentiments mentioned in your leaders will therefore be at liberty to do so. Other people will be glad of prayers more in accordance with the true Christian spirit.

Philbeach-gardens, S.W.

CLERICS.

TRAFFIC PERILS.

MAY I remind "Nervous" that the London County Council have made due provision for "City pedestrians in the form of pavements and "road islands," and that should people prefer to walk in that portion of the highway allotted to vehicular traffic they do so at their own risk?

Of course, cyclists are often responsible for accidents that occur through dangerous riding, but are pedestrians entirely free from blame if they persist in stepping into the road with their backs to the oncoming traffic?

P. V. W.

A DEFENCE OF JAZZ.

MANY a dance, which begins languidly and would continue dimly if the music remained entirely "proper," is often turned into a spirited and delightful affair by the noisy strains of a jazz band.

That is because the mad rhythms and hooliganish tunes bring that touch of wildness needed to make us temporarily forget the burden of our usually restrained existence.

The latent savage is hidden in the civilised man, and the former would perhaps cause much trouble if he were not quieted at times by such pranks as the jazz band justifies.

A JAZZ DANCER.

THE 'CUCKOO-MOTHER' AND HER WAYS.

WOMEN WITHOUT SENSE OF FAMILY LIFE.

By JULIAN HARE.

IS the sentiment of maternal love weakening? Are many women gradually losing the instinct to mother their own children?

Only the other day the comments of a magistrate in a case relating to the adoption of children brought these questions into prominence.

"Cuckoo mothers" was the ingeniously descriptive label found for such women, who hand their children over to a third party for the "mothering" which they are not ready to give.

The comment revives the long-standing controversy as to the desirability of child adoption.

To many people the idea of parents parting with their children is repugnant.

Nothing, they say, can replace mother-love and all that it means, in mutual devotion and sympathy, between parent and child. It is the only foundation for a happy, strong and upright nation, and any weakening of its bonds presages racial decadence.

It is difficult for the child to obey the commandment "Honour thy father and thy mother" if the parents have not honoured the child.

These are strong reasons indeed. And sufficient to impel us to ask that adoption be reserved for the few exceptionally hard cases.

If we understood everything we should pardon everything says the French proverb; and probably it can never be more truly applied than in the case of the "cuckoo mother."

JUSTICE TO CHILDREN.

The organisation of life in large towns encourages this pernicious disposition to forget that bearing a child is only the first step in motherhood. The woman who is inclined to be a cuckoo-mother finds her way made easy.

Virtually the community, in many cases, becomes the adoptive parent.

So many a mother, who would indignantly repudiate the suggestion that she would give her child to a stranger, comes to think it no sin to shuffle off the responsibility of her child's future on other shoulders.

Guidance for her daughter along the tortuous paths of life is left to any person, young or old, who happens to gain an influence over the immature and impressionable mind.

In great towns girls no longer learn old-fashioned truth at their mothers' sides.

If children come they are born to a world of false values and become the raw materials for the cuckoo-mothers of the next generation.

Of course, such women have plenty of excuses ready to slip easily from the tip of the tongue.

Houses are small, food and clothes cost so much, a large family would be too much for the strength of the mother, she must go out to work and cannot "do justice" to her children.

But somehow she often forgets to confess that she would rather buy a new hat than pay for the baby's food, and rather spend her evenings in amusement than beside the fire darning her boy's socks.

Children are fortunate, in a sense, to be rid of such cuckoo-mothers. But it is not time that we encouraged the type to understand that it is better not to have children, rather than bear them only to give them away?

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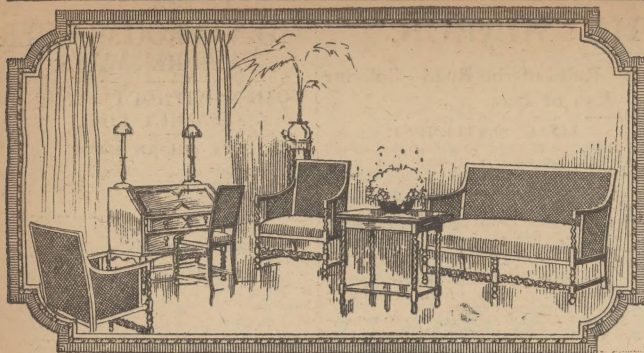
You can obtain immediate relief and really lasting benefit from a few doses of Guy's Tonic when your Appetite is poor; when what food you eat causes Pain and Discomfort; when Bileousness and Sick Headaches make life miserable; when the Nerves are "all on edge," and you feel thoroughly Run-down and Depressed.

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Miss Norah Robinson, who has succeeded Miss Meggie Albanesi in "East of Suez."



The Hon. Mrs. George Lambton, who is the latest to become a society shopkeeper.

THE KING AND ITALY.

Society Weddings—Saint for Journalists—A Lady Rancher.

IF THE PROJECTED visit of the King and Queen to Italy materialises in the late spring it will be timely. Although the friendliest relations exist between Great Britain and Italy international economic differences have resulted in the Governments of the two countries looking at the German reparations question from separate angles. A royal visit would, therefore, be an excellent thing, for it would emphasise the essential solidarity of Italy and Great Britain.

Battle of Flowers.

My Riviera correspondent says that Cannes' first battle of flowers, Fête du Mimosa, took place in dazling, if not overwarm, sunshine, and despite the £60—round about 3,000 francs—that the shops were charging to decorate motor-cars, the procession of mimosa, carnation, rose and violet covered vehicles circled the enclosure continuously from two to four.

Churchills in the Fray!

Mr. Winston Churchill's children battled excitedly against the onlookers from their flowered car, and Princess Marie and Princess Kyra Romanoff, the two daughters of the Grand Duke and Duchess Cyrille Vladimirovitch, both dressed in red and blue native costumes, led a donkey-cart laden with mimosa. Afterwards there were crowded dances at the Casino and the Cercle Nautique.

"Playasaw."

Glancing through an American magazine the other day I noticed that a musical expert guarantees to teach anybody how to play a saw in three weeks. "You can produce wonderful, soft, sweet music," he asserts, "from a common carpenter's saw with a violin bow or soft hammer, if you know how. No musical ability required—you need not know one note from another." In fact, all you require is enough dollars to pay the fees!

Journalists' Saint.

In deciding that Saint Francis of Sales shall be the patron saint of journalism, the Pope has made a happy choice, for Saint Francis was, indeed, the most literary of the saints. In 1607 he founded the famous Florimontane Academy at Ancey—an institution with forty members, designed to gather into its bosom all that was produced of literary or scientific value amid the mountains of Savoy.

Good Example.

The aims of this academy, defined in its statutes, might well be adopted by the Institute of Journalists. It was prescribed that all the members were to love each other like brothers, that their conduct was to be grave and edifying, and further that they were to "say a great deal in a few words," and that their style was to be "serious, refined and without affectation."

Sculptors' Dinner.

I give herewith a portrait of Mr. W. Reynolds-Stephens, president of the Royal Society of British Sculptors, whose annual dinner took place at the Café Royal last evening. Speakers remarked how the war memorials all over the country had revived interest in sculpture. Sir Aston Webb, president of the Royal Academy, was among the guests.



Mr. Reynolds-Stephens.

Works of Genius.

Sir William Orpen, who goes abroad a great deal, is at present in London, having several interesting portraits in hand. He has been to the National Gallery to see the Sargent portraits of the Wertheimer family. He thinks these pictures are works of genius, worthy to rank with the greatest examples of portraiture.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Wedding Dresses.

They tell me that white velvet wedding gowns are much in favour at the moment. The Hon. Moyra Plunket will, I hear, wear one to-day and the Hon. Joan Dickson-Poynder another to-morrow. Miss Plunket's bridesmaids, including her sister, the Hon. Eileen Plunket; her cousin, Lady Ursula Blackwood, and the Hon. Ivy Somerset, are to strike a bright note of colour with headdresses of jade green with cream gowns.

Miss Dickson-Poynder's Wedding.

Very picturesque will be Miss Dickson-Poynder's wedding group, for the little girls are to be dressed in different colours made up in the style of Van Dyck, and will carry garlands of red roses. A large congregation is expected at St. Margaret's, especially as the Prince of Wales is almost certain to be present to support his late military secretary, "Ned" Grigg, the bridegroom. Lady Islington is giving a "private view" of the presents to-day.

Lord Alington's White Farm.

Lord Alington has been down a good deal lately at Crichel, and has had some friends with him for the local hunt balls. One of the features at Crichel in the late Lord Alington's time was the White Farm, on which all the animals and birds were white in colour.

Politico-Social.

With the opening of Parliament in view, political hostesses are beginning to bestir themselves. Lady Londonderry is to give one of her big "crushes" on the 12th, "to meet the Prime Minister," and there are rumours of Lady Salisbury doing something in the politico-social line. The Salisburys are in residence at Hatfield just now.



Lady Londonderry.

Picture Paper.

By the way, the Salisbury notepaper bears in the corner pictures of an envelope, a telegraph-pole and a railway-engine against the word

"Hatfield," signifying that the postal and telegraphic addresses and the railway station are all just—Hatfield!

Give a Book a Bad Name!

"La Garconne," the French novel which the Commissioner of Police has requested London booksellers to withdraw from sale, has been in much demand recently. I hear, for instance, that *The Times* Book Club had a waiting list of hundreds of subscribers.

"Paddy" at the Scala.

It is so unusual to find a really good British film that when a praiseworthy effort comes along it is worth emphasising. "Paddy the Next Best Thing," which is showing at the Scala Theatre, has been exceptionally well produced by Graham Cutts, who, after showing pictures as a cinema proprietor for fifteen years, decided he would try his hand at making them himself. He has been successful. Mao Marsh—who is now in New York "starring" with D. W. Griffith—is Paddy.

The Shorter Catechism.

The National Assembly of the Church of England opened yesterday, and there is likely to be something more than a passing storm during the week over the question of Prayer Book revision. The revision recalls a "revised catechism" story from the Highlands. An old beadle, having been asked the question, "What is baptism?" replied haltingly: "Ou, sir, ye ken, it's just sax-pence to me, and fifteen-pence to the preacher."

The Royal Martyr.

To-day is the anniversary of the execution of Charles I., and the usual floral tributes will no doubt be laid at the foot of the Charging Cross statue. Although Charles has only recently been added to the Kalendar, there are five churches in England dedicated in his honour. They are to be found at Newtown (Salop), Falmouth, Peak Forest, Plymouth and Tunbridge Wells.

From My Diary.

More important than the things we do are the things we do not do; more influential than the things we say are the things we do not say.—Bishop Creighton.

Wants To Be a Singer.

I hear that Sir John Cotterell's youngest daughter, who has a very fine voice, is anxious to take up singing professionally and that she will probably go to Paris to study. Miss Cotterell is Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox' first cousin, and will probably be one of her bridesmaids when she marries Mr. Clare Vyner.

Back from the Ranch.

Her many friends are pleased to see Lady Rodney out hunting again. She is the Hon. Lanolot Lowther's second daughter. She and her husband have been out ranching in Canada, and when Lady Rodney first came back to England she was quite knocked up by the strenuous work she had done out there.

Polo Enthusiast.

Lady Wimborne is back in England again, and her eldest daughter, Rosemary Sibell, will soon be coming out. Lady Wimborne takes the greatest interest in polo, which is her husband's special hobby, and she is a frequent spectator at Ranelagh and Hurlingham.

"High-Brow" Revue.

Mr. Norman Davey, the novelist, tells me that he is now considering a "high-brow" revue as an art form, the success of which is yet to be tried. With this object in view he is shortly going to Paris to study more closely the cabaret programmes. So far our revues have kept themselves refreshingly free from any taint of "intellectualism."

The Early Germ!

The Pasteur centenary has set the curious looking for previous meet of science who had something to say about microbes. I believe the earliest mention of them is to be found in a work by Terentius Varro, a contemporary of Cicero, known as "the most learned of the Romans," who warned his readers not to live in marshy places because "minute animals are engendered there which cannot be detected by the eyes, and these, borne by the air, get into the body through mouth and nostrils and cause diseases difficult to get rid of."



Miss Elizabeth Pollock, daughter of Sir Adrian Pollock, is appearing in "Advertising April."



Lady Hawkins, wife of Anthony Hope, a film of whose "Prisoner of Zenda" was given at the Palace last night.

Society Saleswoman.

The Hon. Mrs. George Lambton is amongst the latest to join the ranks of social saleswomen. She trades under the name of "Christy" and caters for the wants of young people.

Jones on Shaw.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is getting on with his book on Bernard Shaw. This, I take it, will be another "My Dear Wells," for Jones is to tell us what he thinks of Shaw as a thinker, and we know already bar the choice English in which the author of "The Liars" is bound to clothe his pungent thoughts. Subsequently we are to see some more Jones plays in London—"The Lie," "Cock of the Walk," and "The Divine Gift." The first two have already been produced in America.

For the Young Idea.

Mr. Jones thinks the younger playwrights of to-day often fail because they do not deal with permanent aspects of character or with the basic elements of human nature. "There are many fine character actors to-day," says Mr. Jones, "but few imaginative artists. ... And so few of them whose every word reaches the last row of the pit."

No Other Feet.

"What's the matter, dear?" "My new shoes hurt me, mummy," sobbed the child. "No wonder," laughed her mother, "for you've got them on the wrong feet." "But I haven't got any other feet, have I?" was the astonished reply.

THE RAMBLER.

With the famous Icilma Bouquet

Icilma Face Powder is the lightest, finest, most refreshing powder in the world. Every particle is sifted through silk till it is smooth as silk itself.

To add to its charm, it is perfumed with the delicate, elusive Icilma Bouquet, the fragrance of a million flowers. The world's loveliest blossoms contribute their rare essences to this glorious perfume. It is precious, inimitable.

Try Icilma Bouquet Face Powder to-day. It will add a new delight to your toilet.

Icilma Powder

In two tints—Naturelle and Crime. New size, 1/3; Icilma Cream, 1/3, large pot, 2/-; at all Chemists.

FREE Beauty Boxes

Write to-day for ABSOLUTELY FREE toilet outfit containing generous samples of Cream Face Powder, our latest triumph Talcum Powder and two full-sized Shampoos (one WET and one DRY). Send name and address—enclose 3d. stamp (to cover postage and packing) and post envelope (stamped with 14d. stamp) to International Icilma Trading Co., Ltd. (Dept. 13), 37-45, King's Rd., St. Pancras, London, N.W.1

1/3 - Popular Size - 1/3

PRAYER BOOK DISCUSSION



The Archbishop of Canterbury (standing) addressing the Church of England National Assembly during the discussion yesterday concerning the measure which proposes to make alterations in the Prayer Book and to cut down the Ten Commandments.



FALSE KING CROWNED.—Coronation scene from the film "The Prisoner of Zenda," shown yesterday at the Palace, with Mr. Lewis Stone as Rassendyll and Miss Alice Terry as Flavia.



Frank Baker, of Rosebery-avenue, London, though only fourteen, is 6ft. 1in. high and weighs 12st. He is seen with two of his schoolfellows.

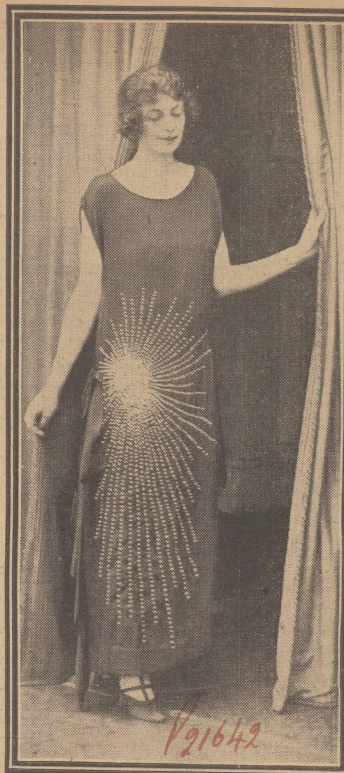


RIVAL GIANTS.—James Moskewitz, of Roman-road, London, E., is also fourteen. His height, too, is 6ft. 1in., and his weight is 10st. He looks twice as big as his companion, who is half his age.



BARBARA'S DEATH.—Barbara, the Zoo polar bear, who died yesterday. She recently brought a litter of cubs into the world, but these all died, and now their mother has died too—probably from abscess of the throat.

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES OF SOCIETY



Mrs. E. Gilbey, Sir Walter Gilbey's daughter-in-law, in an evening gown of black marocain, with diamante, at the dress parade held at Sunningdale yesterday.



Mrs. Gladys Benskin is reported to be a beneficiary to the extent of £276,000 by the will of the late Mr. Michael Grace, who died in London.



Countess of Donoughmore, who, according to a New York message, has been left £163,000 by the late Mr. Michael Paul Grace.



DECREE GRANTED.—Mrs. Keith Stuart Rankine (left), of Ashley-gardens, Westminster, who yesterday was granted a decree nisi in the Divorce Court on the grounds of the desertion and misconduct of her husband.



Princess Alice (third from left) admiring the women appear in a fashion parade yesterday. They wore Dorothy Ellis.



Major Edwards playing billiards.



He has also invented false arms with which he plays golf.

ARMLESS SPORT.—Major F. B. F. Rifles, lost both arms below the elbow which enable him to swim, ride a horse

WOMEN AS MANNEQUINS



Smith in a knitted costume.
...er which saw four society
...rv House Club, Sunningdale.
...ily Mirror photographs.)



Miss Foster, daughter of Colonel Sir William Foster, Bart., wearing a mauve georgette evening gown, with rosette—a charming specimen of the Paris spring models.



arms he has invented.



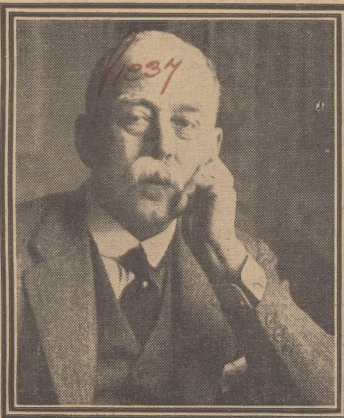
of his swing for a full iron shot,
lays a very good game.
the 2nd Canadian Mounted.
He has invented attachments
ds-and-golf.—(Daily Mirror.)



Captain G. G. Pretymann,
M.P. for Chelmsford.



Mr. Pike Pease, M.P.
for Darlington.



Sir George Younger.

NEW PEERAGES?—It is expected in political circles that the Premier's Honours List will include peerages for Captain Pretymann, Mr. Pike Pease and Sir G. Younger.

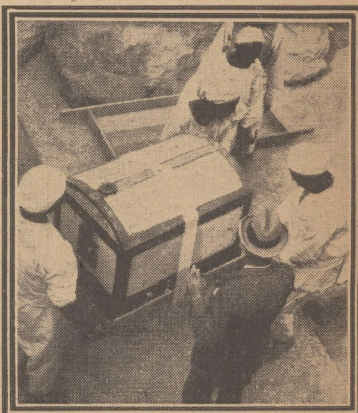
BREAD THAT IS 3,200 YEARS OLD



Wooden boxes containing bread which is 3,200 years old. These are among the many marvellous objects that have been taken out of King Tut-ankh Amen's tomb, where, doubtless, they were placed for the king's sustenance on his long journey.



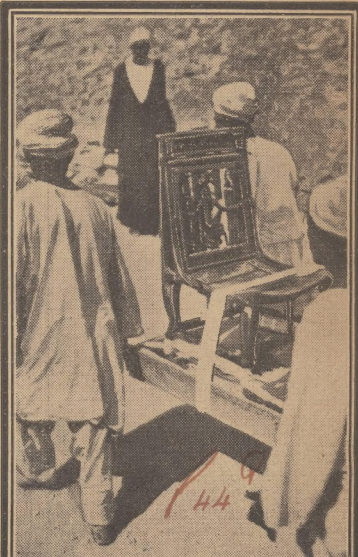
HOCKEY PLAYERS WED.—Mr. Ernest Hartley, the international and Oxfordshire hockey player, with his bride, Mrs. Whatley, after their wedding at Fairfield, Gloucestershire. Mrs. Whatley has played hockey for Gloucestershire and the West.



This wooden box, marked with the royal Egyptian cipher in hieroglyphs, bears a remarkable resemblance to a modern trunk.



NEW FARCE.—Mr. Bromley Challenor as Billy King, masquerading as the cook and others in "Three's a Crowd," to be produced to-night at the Court Theatre.



Natives reverently carrying the king's chair, which has on the back a beautifully-carved figure of the Egyptian God of Immortality.

PERSONAL.

Rate 1s. per word (minimum 8s.). Name and address must be sent. Trade advice, 1s. 6d. per word.

ZOE B. (Weymouth).—Write Post Restante, G.P.O., London—4, E.

IF anyone who suffers from gout and rheumatism will communicate with Whit-way, Whimble, Deron, and ask for particulars of their "Woodbine Blend" dry cider, it will be to their advantage.

SUPERFLUOUS hair permanently removed from face with electricity, hair only.—Miss Florence Wood, 29, Granville-gardens, Shepherd's Bush, W. 12. Min. Tube. ANKLEMAN is guaranteed to restore unsightly ankles to their natural charm.—Obtainable by post for 7s. 6d. from Mallon, 9, Sherwood-street, W.

COPIES of photographs appearing in "The Daily Mirror" may be purchased by readers at the usual prices on application to the office.

SEE the name "Cadbury" on every piece of chocolate.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

are received at the offices of "The Daily Mirror," 25-29, Bouverie-st., E.C. 4, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. (Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.) General and Classified Advertisements, 2s. 6d. per line (minimum 2 lines, average 7 words to the line). Financial partnerships, engagements, and Public Notices, 10s. per line (minimum 2 lines). **SEASIDE AND COUNTRY APARTMENTS.** 2s. 6d. per line (minimum 2 lines). Advertisements if sent by post must be accompanied by POSTAL ORDER OR CASH. COPIES and CO. STAMPS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED.

DRESS.

A BABY'S Long Cloche Complete Outfit, 21s., worth 25s. (includes bonnet, etc.; call or send 2s. for parcel on approval.—Mrs. Hearn, 251, Uxbridge-rd., Shepherd's Bush.

A BABY'S Long Cloche Layette, 50 pieces, 30s.; bargain of loveliness; the lovely home-made, generous fullness; really good; approval.—Mrs. Max, The Chase, Nottingham.

ALL your wants on monthly payments.—Books, suits, costumes, raincoats, overcoats, accoutrements, watches, rings, cutlery, clocks, etc., from 4s. monthly.—Write for catalogue to Masters, Ltd., 34, Hope Street, Ely.

BEAUTIFUL Suede Skins.—Delightful colorings, ideal for making inimitable charming useful articles, re-energetic, interesting hobby; 3d. brings cutlery, suggestions, prices.—Quest Shoe Company, Kettering.

ELEGANT Musquash Seal Coat, latest style, roll collar; rich silk lining, superb 40gn. model, as new, 6 guineas; approval.—Maid, 6, Claydon-rd., S.W. 8.

LOVE'S lovely 6s. Macintosh for 18s.; Gent's 18s.; new; approval.—Woodward, Gorton-rd., Corcoran.

ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL.

A BABY Carriage, 1923 model, new, never been used; accept 25 15s.; sent on approval.—Francis, Holly Cottage, Thames Ditton.

A BABY Carriage, exquisite 1923 18gn. model, unused; accept 25 15s. complete, call or send 2s. for parcel on approval.—Mrs. Howles, 66, Second-ave., Manor Park, E. 12. (Horn 597).

A BABY Carriage model de Luxe, 1923 20gn. model, new, unused, complete, call or send 2s. for parcel on approval.—Cranthorpe Lodge, Crickwood, N.W. 2.

A BABY Carriage, Bolton, reduced prices, call or send 2s. for parcel on approval.—C. S. Bolton, 408, Kingsland-rd., E. 7.

BEST-MADE Bedding.—Why pay shop prices? Newest patterns in modern bedclothes, bed and bedsteads, etc.; furniture—bedroom and general; all goods sent direct from factory to home in perfect new condition; illustrated price lists, post free, cash or instalment.—The Bedding Co., 10, Charles Rhyer, Desk 5, Moor-st., Birmingham. Please mention "Daily Mirror."

CHINA Chaperon from Factory.—Everything for the Home and Office, Institutions, Shops, Dealers, at Wholesale Prices, catalogue 2s. 6d. post free.—The China Chaperon Co., 135, Brompton-rd., S.W. 1.

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No Cost

For a 10-Day Tube

Simply Mail Coupon

Beauty

Now combat that film on teeth

Have you noted how many people now have whiter, prettier teeth? You see them wherever you look. The reason lies in a new cleaning method which millions now employ. If you don't know it, you should try it now.

Film is dingy

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays there. That film absorbs stains, then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat film. So, under old methods beautiful teeth were less often seen than to-day. And tooth troubles became almost universal.

Film is now regarded as a potential source of most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth—the acids may cause decay. Nothing is more important to teeth than combating the film daily.

Two ways found

Dental science, after long research, found two film combatants. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then dentists everywhere began to advise them. Now careful people of some fifty nations employ them, largely by dental advice.

Pepsodent

TRADE

MARK

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without use of harmful grit.

Sold in two sizes—1/3 & 2/-

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
(Dept. 123), 42, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E. 1.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name.....

Address.....

Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.

No Cost

For a 10-Day Tube

Simply Mail Coupon

A new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. The name is Pepsodent. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

Not film alone

But Pepsodent does more than fight film. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids which may cause tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

It thus gives manifold effect to Nature's great tooth-protecting agents. The result, the world over, is a fast-coming new dental era.

Tell your child

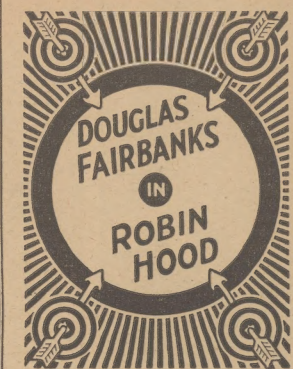
You want your children to endeavour to avoid the troubles that you may have suffered. Then tell them of Pepsodent, show them its effects. Dentists now urge that children use it from the time the first tooth appears.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whitened as the film-coats disappear.

That test will be a revelation. It will convince you that you and yours need this new-day method. Cut the coupon now.

LONDON PAVILION

TWICE DAILY, 2.30 & 7.30
SUNDAYS 7.30.



A wonderful epitome of the romantic days of Richard the Lion-Hearted, and the daring outlaw ROBIN HOOD.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

DELPHI. THE ISLAND KING. W. H. BERRY. Nightly, 8.15. Mats. Weds and Sat, 2.15. (Ger. 2645.)
ALHAMBRA. (Ger. 3292.) Eves, 8.15. TONS OF MONEY. Wed. Sat. 8.15. Yvonne Arnaud, T. Walls, R. Lenn.
AMASSADORS. Nightly at 8.30. Pinner's "SWEET LAVENDER."
APOLLO. Eves, 8.30. PHYLIS NELSON-TERRY in "A DOG AND FOUR WIVES." Mat. Wed. Sat, 2.30.
COURT. Nightly, 8.15. BROMLEY CHOLENOR in "THREE'S A CROWD." Th. Sat, 2.30.
COVENT GARDEN. Nightly, 8.15. You'd be surprised.
CRITICISM. (Ger. 3844.) To-day, at 2.30 and 8.30.
DALYS. 8.15. Wed. Sat, 2.15. THE LADY OF THE DUB.
DRURY LANE. Last Week. IRVING AND DOLLY. Nightly, at 8. Mats, Wed and Sat, at 2.15.
EMERALD. Daily, 3 and 8.45. Last Week. THE VIRGIN QUEEN. With Lady Diana Manners. Last Week.
GAITEY. 8.15. JOSE COLLINS in THE LAST WALTZ. By Oscar Shaw. Mats, Thurs and Sat, at 2.30.
GARRICK. 8.30. W. S. 2.30. (90th Perf.) "BIPPY." Nightly (Ger. 3845).
GLOBE. 8.15. THE LAUGHING LADY. Marie Lohr. Last Week. Violet Vanbrugh. Wed and Sat, 2.30.
GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME. Allied Leader and Variety Performance. Nightly, 6.30, 8.45. (Hamp. 6610.)
HAYMARKET. To-morrow, 8.15. LAST OF THE POGUES. Peggy O'Neill, Aubrey Smith. Th. Th. and Sat, 2.30.
HIPPODROME. Daily, at 2 and 7.45. "CINDERELLA." Stanley Lupino, Gariko Mayne and Star Cast. (Ger. 520.)
HOVE. Daily, 8.30. EAST OF SEIZ.
KINGSWAY. Eves, 8.15. Mats, Thurs and Sat, 2.30.
LITTLE. (Ger. 3401.) THE 8 O'CLOCK REVUE.
LITTLE. Mats, Mon, Th. Sat, 2.45. Red. Mat. Pines.
LYRIC. Daily, 8.15. LILAC-TIME.
LYRIC. A Play with Music.
LYRIC. Nightly, 8.15. Wed and Sat, at 2.30.
LYRIC. HAMMERSTEIN. THE BIGGERS OPERA.
MASKED THEATRE. near Oxford Circus. 3 and 8. EASTERN AND WESTERN MAGIC. (Hamp. 1845.)
NEW. (Ger. 4465.) Nightly, 8.15. Mats, Wed, Sat, 2.30.
MATTHEW LANG in THE GREAT WALL.
NEW. Daily, 8.15. Mats, Thurs and Sat, 2.30.
BATTLES BUTLER. Jack Buchanan, Phyllis Timmins.
PRINCE OF WALES. THE CO-EDMITS. (6th New)
QUEEN'S. Eves, 8.30. BLUEBERRY'S 8th WIFE. Midge. (Hamp. 6610.)
RECENT. King's Cross. THE IMMORTAL HOUR.
ROYALTY. (Ger. 3855.) CHARLEY'S AUNT.
ST. JAMES'S. To-morrow, 8.15. WINTER COMES.
Owen Nares. First Mat. Sat, 2.30.
ST. MARTIN'S. SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES? At 8.15. LONALITY. 9. Mats, Fri and Sat, 2.15.
SAVOY. HURTS NEXT. at 8; subsequently, 8.30.
SHAFESBURY. Nightly, 8.30. Mats, Wed. Sat, 2.30.
STRAND. (Ger. 3850.) Eves, 8.30. ARTHUR BOURCHIER in THE TREASURE ISLAND. Mats, Wed. Sat, 2.30.
VAUDEVILLE. Nightly, 8.15. Mats, Thurs and Sat, 2.30.
MAISIE GAY. J. Nightingale, R. Borton, H. Munda.
WINTER GARDEN. Nightly, at 8. Mats, Thurs and Sat, 2.30.
WINDHAM'S. Nightly, 8.15. Gerald, du Maurier in BUTTERFLY DREAMS. Mats, Wed. Sat, 2.30.
ALHAMBRA. 2.30, 6.10, 8.45. Bruce Bairnsdale, Hon. Lady Wallis, and the Gaiety Girls.
COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540.) 2.30, 7.45. Horace Henderson, Kathleen Nesbitt and Kele Howard, Hawaiian Sextette.
PALADINUM. 2.30, 6.10, 8.45. Last Week.
Harry Tate, Gerlie Givans, The Gresham Singers, etc.
LONDON. Daily, 8.15. Mats, Thurs and Sat, 2.30.
NEW GALLERY. Daily, 2.11. "After the Show," featuring Jack Holt and Lila Lee. Prices, 1s. 2d. to 2s. 6d.
PALACE THEATRE. "The Prisoner of Zenda." Twice daily, at 2.30 and 8.30.
PHILHARMONIC HALL. Climbing Mount Everest. Films. Last 2 weeks. 2 and 8.30. 1s. 3d. to 8d.
PITY GHEE. Oxford Circus. The Picture of "Paddy." At 2.30, 4.55, 7.30, 9.30; Chaplin "Behind the Screen."
SCALA. (Ger. 3845.) Daily, 8.15. Mats, Thurs and Sat, 2.30.
STOLL PICTURE THEATRE, Kingsway. 4.45 to 10.30. Dancings with Curly Howard and a Will and a W.
TERRY'S THEATRE, Strand. "What's Wrong with the Women?" "Chaplin in 'Pay Day,' etc. Daily, 2.11.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

ART.—Make money drawing fast! Write for booklet.
ART.—Art Studios, 11 and 13, Henrietta-st., Strand, W.C.2.
ART.—Parents and Guardians.—The London Telegraph Training College, Ltd., red, 25 years, Cable and Wireless Telegraphy: youths from 16 upwards trained for these services and positions chosen modern life.—Apply, pros. Dept. D.M. 262, Earl's Court-rd., S.W. 5.
ART.—WEEKLY, easy homework plan, for earning, 4d. falls stamped envelope.—Dean (D.M.) Durham-shield.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
PIANO Bargains, new and second-hand; best makes from 21s. monthly.—Parker's, 167, Bishopsgate.

PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

"A.W.P. AND S.L."

Daily Mirror Office.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—
Of course it is not really worth mentioning, but anonymous letters, containing dire threats to our dear pets, cannot always be ignored. You may remember that some time ago an "Anti-Wilfred League" was formed for the purpose of belittling and, if possible, "extinguishing" our celebrated little bunny. A Wilfred Protection League, however, was immediately formed, and its many thousand members were so active and so indignant that no "A.W.L." member dare show his or her face for several weeks. The "A.W.L." very quickly came to an end.
Now, however, you will be surprised to hear that another "anti" league has been formed. It calls itself the A.W.P. and S.L.—in other

could track him down we should find him a pale, weedy boy with spectacles!
I, too, should like to find Ben. Of course, he gives no address and the postmark on the envelope of his letter is almost illegible. I can just trace the letters "—Port." Let me see, can it be Stockport, Southport, Devonport? I shall have to get our detectives busy.

In the meantime Pip, Squeak and Wilfred, all unconscious of the sinister "A. W. P. and S. L." leave this afternoon on a short visit to Aunt Fanny who, as you know, lives at the seaside. I am not afraid to let them go—I shall see that they are protected.

*Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.*

DO YOU KNOW . . . ?

What English river asks a question?—Wye.
Why do donkeys eat thistles?—You ought to

QUEER MONEY.

Coins of Gold, Silver, Wood, Tin and Lead!

As you know, *The Daily Mirror* is giving a competition for grown-ups and offering 5,000,000 marks in prizes. A mark is a piece of German paper money, like a ten-shilling note (although it isn't worth so much), and, as the value of German money is always changing, no one knows exactly how much 5,000,000 marks will be worth!

Before the war it came to about £400,000 in English money, but now—well, it changes its value almost every day!

Don't you think money is funny? A very few countries seem to get along fairly well without it; Tristan da Cunha, the loneliest island in the world, can only boast five shillings! In many savage countries money is unknown, and business is done by barter—that is, if Great Big Chief Wallaballoo wants a horse, he will give Great Big Chief Tarabounday a knife for it.

The Red Indians of North America found bartering rather awkward, and so the white settlers made imitation money from little bits of wood. A redskin hunter would bring in a whole heap of furs, and give them to the white men; and the white men would give him twenty pellets of wood for the furs. Then the redskin went to the stores of the white men, and bought guns and knives and blankets and axes with the bits of wood!

TIN-KETTLE PENNIES!

Many years ago King James II. was chased out of England by his enemies, and he set up his court in Ireland instead. But the war that went on made the Irish so terribly poor that they had no money at all, except a few gold pieces that came from the King of France. So King James (who was a very silly king) began to make more money.

Tin kettles, old bits of cannon, leaden bullets, broken guns, everything that was made of metal was melted down and cut into coins. Of course, that sort of money was worth nothing at all, and the shop people refused to sell their goods. So every time a soldier of King James went shopping he would place one of the useless coins on the counter, and pointing a pistol at the terrified shopman, force him to sell his goods!

WILFRED THANKS YOU ALL.

WILFRED came into my room to-day and, placing a handful of bent and creased cigarette cards on my desk, looked up into my face. "What do you want, Wilfred?" I asked. "Nunc, nunc!" he replied, with an intelligent look.

"That's all very well," I said. "No doubt you know what 'Nunc, nunc!' means, but I'm afraid I don't. Do you want a bit of lecture?"

Wilfred vigorously shook his head. "Do you want me to play with you?" Wilfred's ears told me he didn't.

"What is it you want, then?" Wilfred said "Nunc, nunc!" very firmly, and pointed to the cigarette cards. "Oh, I know!" I exclaimed. "You want me to thank all the boys and girls who have sent you these pictures?"

"Goo, goo!" cried Wilfred, nodding his head excitedly.

So I have written a little letter for Wilfred, addressed to all the kind boys and girls who have sent cigarette cards:—

"Dear Boys and Girls,—Thank you all ever so much for sending me those lovely cigarette cards. I have a splendid collection now. I have chewed the colour off several of them, but now Squeak won't let me lick the album any more. Cigarette pictures taste so nice!—Yours very respectfully, X (Wilfred's mark)."



"We haven't any money at all!"

Mother!

Your Child needs
"California Syrup of Figs"
The Best Laxative



Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of "California Syrup of Figs." If the little stomach is upset, tongue coated, or if your child is cross, feverish, full of cold, or has colic, a teaspoonful will never fail to open the bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the constipation poison, sour biliousness, and waste from the tender little bowels and gives you a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy. They know a teaspoonful a day saves a sick child to-morrow. Ask for genuine "California Syrup of Figs" which has directions for babies and children on all ages printed on bottle. Of all chemists, 3d, and 2s. 6d. Mother! You must see "California" or you may get an imitation syrup.

Cuticura Soap Will Help You Clear Your Skin

Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere.
British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Square, E.C.

Express Cleaning

Returned within 36 hours, postage paid.

POST YOUR

Dress, Costume, Suit or Light Overcoat with	7/-
Blanket Coat with	6/-
Blouse with	2/-
Silk, Jumper, or "Sport" Coat with	4/-

For CLEANING AND PRESSING. Repeating included.

Express Dyeing

Returned in FOUR DAYS, postage paid.

Costume, Gown or Dress Dyed Navy	
Nigger, Saxe, Purple, Rust, Bottle Green or Black for	10/6
Blanket Coat for	8/6
Skirt, Jumper, or Sports Coat for	6/-

BLACK for Mourning returned in 36 hours.

Clark's Dye Works, RETFORD.



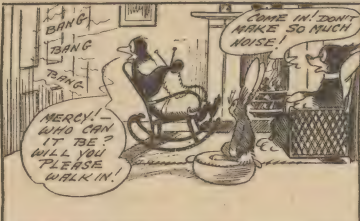
SAUCE

The distinctive rich, fruity flavour of H.P. always recommends it. That's why H.P. is known as

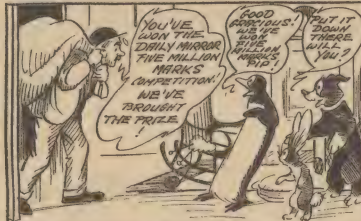
"The World's Appetiser."

Now 9d. per bottle.

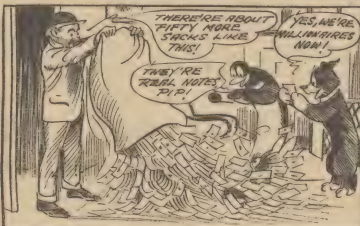
WILFRED BURIED IN MARKS: SQUEAK'S COMIC DREAM



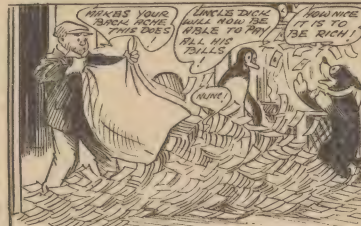
1. After reading about "The Daily Mirror" 5,000,000 Marks Competition, Squeak dozed off—



2. —and dreamed that she had won that vast amount of money. The "prize" started to arrive.



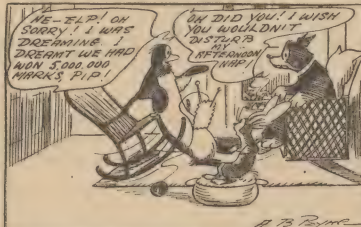
3. Men brought the marks along in sacks. Soon there was a great pile of notes.



4. The heap of paper money grew and grew. Unknown to Squeak, Wilfred was entirely "buried."



5. At last, when the room was nearly full of marks, they heard Wilfred's cries.



6. Squeak was so excited about it that she screamed and—woke herself up!

words, the "Anti-Wilfred, Pip and Squeak League."

The object of the "A.W.P. and S.L." is to "put down" our three pets and force them to retire from public life. And, according to a letter which I received from the headquarters of the "League" this morning, if they don't "surrender" at once—well, something unpleasant will happen. Perhaps you would like to read this letter? I don't quite know what to think of it:—

ANTI-WILFRED, PIP AND SQUEAK LEAGUE.

Take Warning!

I, Big, Black-Bearded Ben, captain of the A.W.P. and S.L., demand, in the name of all our members, that Wilfred, Pip and Squeak be given up to us before April 1st, 1923.

Failing this your house will be surrounded and multi-strapped explosive bombs will be thrown by our three members, numbering 175.

BEWARE!

Enclosed with this letter are cunning little slips of paper, which, like summonses, I am asked to "serve" on the pets. These pieces of paper are decorated with such grim designs as hand-cuffs, pistols and prison chains. Cheerful, don't you think?

Well, what do you think of it? I'm sure you will all feel most indignant and long to capture the ring-leader who so conceitedly calls himself "Big, Black-Bearded Ben." (I'm sure if we

know, if any one does! (This is rather a rude riddle; don't ask daddy it!)

What noun does a soldier want?—Ronown.

What is always on at the theatre?—The roof.

Why is a queen like a book?—Because she has pages.

What name spells the same both ways?—Hannah.

When is a chair ill-treated?—When it is eaned and sat on.

When does a fire lose its temper?—When it is "put out."

When are boots like blossoms?—When they are on trees.

What English river, spelt backwards, becomes a fish?—Lee.

When is a man not a man?—When he's a thorough briek.

What trade would you recommend to a small boy?—Grocer (grow, sir).

What is the latest news?—The news that takes the longest time to get there.

What is the difference between an egg and a mare?—An egg is an e-gg and a mare is a she-geeg.

Why is G like twelve o'clock?—Because it is the middle of the night (12 p.m.) and the end of morning (12 a.m.).

What is the difference between jumping out of the window and a piece of bacon?—One is a rash act—but the other is a rasher.

YOUR FEATURES DON'T MATTER

Half as much as your complexion. A woman with indifferent, even homely, features can be exceedingly attractive if she has a fine complexion.

What constitutes a really lovely skin? Look at a child's complexion; all the paint and powder in the world won't produce just that softness of tint and delicacy of texture. The loveliest skin is a natural skin.

NATURE'S WAY.

In perfect health the outer skin is perpetually being "thrown off" or renewed, disclosing the clean, fresh tissue underneath. In time this action becomes weakened, and sometimes lost altogether, with the result that the complexion becomes coarse, wrinkled and "muddy." Moricized wax prevents this in a scientific way. By smearing the wax on every night the old soiled outer skin is made to flake away invisibly and the clear, fresh complexion beneath is revealed. No other treatment acts in exactly this way or produces exactly the same result. Natural perfection is the greatest beauty of a complexion. Moricized wax assists your skin to perfect itself, keeping it clear and free to breathe, and impregnating it with oxygen, with the result that any woman who uses it systematically can count on having a soft, clear and delicate skin up to quite an advanced age.

FOR ACTRESSES ONLY?

You know how often when one has obtained a long-sought interview with a manager, when one is sitting in his office, airing one's best smile under one's best hat, there comes the premonitory command,

"TAKE OFF YOUR HAT, PLEASE!"

Reluctantly, you drag off the confection; glance round feverishly for the mirror which is never so near. How does your newly discovered coiffure bear the ordeal? What do the cold, observant eyes of the Great Man behold?

A few dull, lifeless twists, pinned up anyhow? Or a bright, glossy, perfectly-kept head of hair? Work is hard to get now. Competition is keen. The girl with *pretty, well-kept hair* has a pull every time. You can make-up your face but not your hair.

BEGIN AT ONCE, THEN,

Shampoo your hair regularly with some really good shampoo—stallax is far and away the best, for it makes your hair way and easy to do up, as well as bright and glossy. Brush your hair for 15 minutes

EVERY NIGHT

with a clean, stiff brush, and now and then rub in a little bay rum. You will find it will help you both

SOCIALLY AND PROFESSIONALLY to have shining, well-groomed locks.

Pilenta soap for the complexion, 1s., all chemists. (Adv.)

VENO'S
COUGH
CURE



Never had a Cough!

This little lad is happy because he never had a cough. His mother knew that Veno's was good for him. Try it for YOUR baby. It will stop all stomach coughs, and it is specific for whooping cough. It is safe, for it contains no drugs, and he will like it.

Prices 1/3 and 3/- per bottle. Of all Chemists.

At the first opportunity, pay a visit to the remarkable laboratory of the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Chester Road, Manchester. All are cordially invited to view the interesting and up-to-date processes which have gained for this institution the admiration of the world. If you accept this invitation you will spend a fascinating hour, and at the same time convince yourself of the skillful research work, and the unique pharmaceutical knowledge which has been employed to produce those successful remedies—Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and Germolene.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

The Unfortunate Girl

who is flat-chested, need not let this point become too evident. The remedy lies in her own hands. ONE BOTTLE of Nurse Challenor's Mixture will develop a flat chest or restore shape to flaccid chest in 7 to 14 days.

Full particulars together with testimonials sent in plain wrapper on receipt of 1d. stamp. Write TO-DAY, you may forget the address to-morrow.

NURSE CHALLENGER COMPANY
(Dept. A.11), 97, New Bond Street,
London, W.1.



Children's Dress

LITTLE SPRING SUITS—TURBANS AND TRIMMINGS.

THE planning of spring frocks for the tines is always a delightful occupation, but it must be remembered that they, being more susceptible to changes of climate, can't shed their



The rather grown-up little girl would appreciate this frock of sapphire blue wool velour with its severe trimming.

winter clothes with the same careless grace as ourselves. Still, their little early spring suits can be made to look airy, even though the material be warm and woolly.

FRESH COLOURS.

Pretty shades of stone, green and heliotrope, or navy with touches of washable white, will cheer their hearts after the long winter reign of dark reds, browns and moles.

CHENILLE.

Crepe de Chine and georgette best frocks look sweet if simply decorated with French knots of chenille. You only need a very little of this particular trimming, and it's so easy, the babies could do it themselves. You can get jolly effects from chenille. Impressionistic flowers, nursery animals and queer zigzaggy designs are swiftly evolved.

PRETTY HEADWEAR.

Turbans are finding great favour in the nursery. They are so becoming, and simply made with a plain, twisted roll of the material and one hanging fringed end or tassel, which children always love.

PHILIDA.



The most demure maiden should feel gay in this dress of grey velvet, with its wide bands of grass-green Russian embroidery.

A Perfumed Velvety Cream That Removes Hair Like Magic.

No disagreeable odour. No irritation. More pleasant than depilatories. Far better than a razor.



Until the discovery of Veet Cream, women have had to resort to scraping razor blades and evil-smelling, irritating depilatories to remove superfluous hair. A razor only stimulates the growth of hair just as trimming a hedge makes it grow faster and thicker. The burning Barium Sulphide used in depilatories causes red blotches, painful irritation, soreness and skin blemishes. Veet Cream does not contain any Barium Sulphide or other poisonous chemicals. It is absolutely harmless. It may be used freely and frequently without fear of irritation. Veet will not encourage the growth of hair, and has no offensive odour. Razors and ordinary depilatories slowly remove the hair above the skin surface. Veet melts the hair away beneath it. It is as easy and pleasant to use as a face cream. You simply spread Veet on just as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off, and the hair is gone as if by magic. Satisfactory results are guaranteed in every case or your money is returned.

Veet may be obtained from chemists, hair-dressers and stores for 3/6, or it is sent direct by post, in plain wrapper to insure privacy, upon receipt of 2/6, plus 6d. for postage and packing. (Total size 6d.) Address: Dae Health Laboratories (Dept. 1081) 68, Bolsover Street, London, W.1.

Miss FAY COMPTON says:

"I have never found any preparations to equal Crème Tokalon and Poudre Tokalon, and should indeed be sorry to ever be without them."

CRÈME TOKALON

1/6 and 2/6 at all Chemists. 1/3 in Tubes.

Rheumatism?

Use "Ki-uma" the wonderful African Tropical Herbal Ointment. Possessing remarkable natural curative qualities; it quickly relieves all pain, cures Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sciatica and Swollen Joints. Harmless and antiseptic. Strongly recommended by the Medical Profession.

Of all chemists 3/- or post free 3/3 from

KI-UMA, LTD., (Dept. A), MILSON ST., BATH

For free sample tin send 3d. for postage and packing.

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RID
OF
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I WILL MAKE YOU a brilliant pianist.

I do not say I may—I WILL if I accept you. During twenty-one years I have taught thousands by post (of all ages and occupations). You need no cleverness—just ordinary intelligence. If a beginner, you shall play before you realise an effort. If already a player, technical and sight-reading difficulties shall disappear like a dream. It is the displacement of weary mechanical practice for simple, absorbingly-interesting, INTENSIVE TRAINING. You just do certain things as directed and illustrated, and progress follows automatically. I personally grade lessons to suit each pupil, starting from beginner to professional player. This is your opportunity to play these winter evenings and weekends.

GUARANTEE

If I fail to give you entire satisfaction, after the first lesson I will return your payment in full.

A FREE COPY of my book, "Mind, Muscles and Keyboard." Send card (Mrs., Miss, Rev. or Mr.), name, address, and how you wish your name to appear. Return FREE.

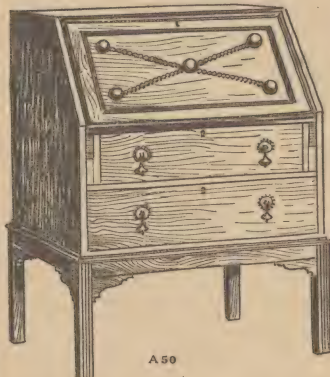
Mr. H. BECKER, 8, Strand House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.4.



For My Lady's Boudoir.

This rich Antique colour Oak Bureau, beautifully finished, fitted with two drawers, sent carriage paid in England for £6.5.0

Post cost of packing for country orders 3/- extra.



Here is a piece of Furniture of which any chatelaine might be proud.

In design, ornamentation and finish it will more than hold its own in comparison with the actual antique. Rubbed smooth as satin in the course of time, it will appreciate in value with the years.

Hundreds of similar pieces await your inspection; please give us a call even though you are not yet ready to buy.

Our Art Catalogue, containing many beautiful plates by photo process and in colour, will be sent post free on request. It will give you ideas and save you money. Contains lowest current prices throughout.

If you would achieve the Home Beautiful pay a visit to our Soft Furnishings Department—a beautiful Salon which is a veritable feast of colour—you will be charmed with the many novel and artistic designs in Cretonnes, Shadow Tissues, Modern Prints, French Cretonnes, Cassette Cloths and Curtain Fabrics, etc. Patterns sent on request.

Wolfe & Hollander Ltd.

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Old readers of The Daily Mirror who contemplate emigrating should place a subscription direct at the Head Office, which will ensure the delivery of a copy through the post every week.

Subscription rates for six months post paid to Canada 16/- Elsewhere £1 1s. 6d. The Manager, Overseas Weekly Mirror, 23, Boulevard Street, London, E.C.4.

INNER FALSE PRETENCES

By HENRY ST. JOHN COOPER

SYNOPSIS.

"YOU have too much money, too much time on your hands, no interests in life."

Having this frank decision from a well-known specialist, Robin Marchant, young, handsome, and strong-willed, decides to break away from his old life.

He plans to go on a holiday, during which he will live the life of a tramp, sleeping in barns and existing on a few pence daily. Before starting he writes to his cousin, Walter Ferrers, a weak, easily-led character, who is in the clutches of a blackmailer named Duhham. Ferrers has foolishly written indignant letters to Miss Nina Salisbury, and rather than let them be brought to the notice of his wife—whom he himself really loves and for whom Robin has a deep respect—he decides to pay Duhham.

Robin Marchant.

Robin lends him the money and then starts on his holiday. One day, while resting by the roadside, he is observed by a beautiful girl. Taking him for a real tramp, she taunts him with his laziness and finally offers him a drink.

He accepts the offer and then finds that the girl, whose name is Elaine Farrell, lives at a fine old Elizabethan house. He sees her father, a blackmailer, being engaged as chauffeur's assistant learns that a visitor, a Mr. Rawley, is expected.

To his amazement Rawley turns out to be none other than Duhham, the blackmailer! Luckily he had never seen Robin before, though the latter had seen him.

Rawley knows that the man whom everyone thinks is Elaine's father, Sir Geoffrey Farrell, is really an impostor named Collinor. He taunts Collinor with this, and threatens to expose him.

Finally he promises to keep silent, but the price of such silence is to be Elaine's hand in marriage. The girl, of course, is quite unaware of this.

Meanwhile Elaine finds Robin a home with an elderly couple named Biggs, who live in a small cottage. Bessie, Elaine's maid, takes a liking to Smith. This annoys Purvis, the chauffeur, who loves Bessie. There is a fight between the two men, which Elaine sees from a window overlooking the garage.

After knocking the chauffeur out Smith takes his place in Elaine's small car. Out of curiosity the girl complains of his driving and takes the wheel herself. She lands the car in a ditch, and as she is recovering consciousness is amazed to hear Smith referring to her in very endearing terms. He does not know she has heard him.

Rawley and his sister Nina come to visit Sir Geoffrey and the girl appears surprised to see Smith. She feels certain she has seen him before and suspects that he is Marchant.

THE OTHER MAN.

ALAINÉ sat at her window, thinking and remembering. Her brain was active to-night. She was remembering Smith's foolish, idiotic words.

She felt that they ought to have made her boil with anger, but, strangely enough, she felt far from angry. There was a curious smile on her lips as she recollected the scene that had followed the accident.

How had he dared call her by her name? Absurd, of course, and yet at the moment she felt pleased. He had called her lovely, too.

She lifted her hands and touched her soft cheeks. Was she lovely? She knew, of course, that she was pretty, but to be lovely meant, somehow, so much more than to be merely pretty. Then he had said: "I ought to be shot for allowing you to make such a little fool of yourself!"

Anger stirred faintly within her. He had dared say she was a little fool. She sighed softly. From the garden there came up to her the heavy scent of flowers. The night wind was soft and warm; its breath reminded her of the breath of the man who had knelt beside her and leant over her, the man who might so easily have kissed her and yet had not done so.

"I am very glad that he had some sense—of respect," she thought. "I won't think any more of him at all; he is not worth it. I will think about Mr. Rawley; I must make him understand that it's impossible for me to marry him."

She had made up her mind fully now. What she could not understand was why she had not always realised how impossible Mr. Gordon Rawley was.

But she had told his sister, and his sister would tell him, and then, if he had any really nice feeling, he would not pester and annoy her any further on the subject.

"My good idiot, of course there's another man!"

Alainé started. From the garden came the voice—very clear and distinct, though it was uttered in no loud key—a voice that she easily recognised. Few women had such voices as Miss Nina Rawley.

She could see two figures dimly in the darkness and the glowing end of a cigar or cigarette. The voice was continuing, but Alainé rose and quickly closed the window. She wanted to hear no confidences.

"What was that noise?" Rawley asked.

"Someone opening a window," said his sister.

"We're far too near the house. Look here, how do you know there's a man?"

"There's always a man. It is perfectly plain and clear. Alainé couldn't make up her mind. Although she said "No" to you, at first, she said it in a half-hearted fashion. Now she has made up her mind firmly."

"Hang her!"

The other laughed. "And why do you think she has decided about you and defied me? Simply because she has also made up her mind about the other man. You are right out of it."

"If I could find out who the other man is, I—"

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"Oh, you'd do wonders!" The girl shrugged her shoulders. "Cut all that out!" she went on. "It might go down with some, but not with me. You'll be interested to know, though, that you're not the only fool!"

"That's comforting," Rawley said. "But my folly isn't going to cost me that girl. You forget I've got another pull!"

"It's your only chance. You must persuade the father, not the daughter."

"I'll come off all right, but who is the other fool?"

"I am," she said, briefly. They had wandered farther from the house.

"That's refreshing. What's happened?"

She told him frankly. "You remember when we came—"

"Oh, yes, I meant to ask you. You started to say something about that chauffeur chap, and when I asked you what it was, you wouldn't go on."

"Well, I didn't mean to tell you, but, since it appears I am wrong, you may as well know. I knew, or thought I knew, that man who came to take the car. I had seen him half a dozen times before, or so I felt sure. But I was wrong. Do you know who I thought he was?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"I thought he was Robin Marchant, the cousin of that fool Ferrers. You know the man I mean—the man who inherited all Reuben Marchant's money."

"Oh, don't explain. Do you think I don't know? I never saw Marchant, but meant to have a look at him sooner or later. I'm told he's a young fool, with more money than he knows what to do with. And you thought—"

"I thought that that man was he, but I was wrong. Last time I saw Robin Marchant I was with Ferrers, dining. Ferrers was scared, be-



Smith wanted to tell Alainé how beautiful she looked. "You couldn't spare me a flower, just one?" he asked instead. "Certainly not!" She tossed her head. "I did not pick flowers to give them to—you."

came he didn't want his cousin to see him. That wasn't much more than six or eight weeks ago."

"What of it?"

"All this man has been here for two years, so it can't possibly be the same. His name is Purvis."

"His name isn't Purvis," said Rawley. "if you mean the chap who came to take the car. That wasn't Purvis, the chauffeur; it was Smith, one of Alainé's proteges."

"She found him in a ditch or something, and gave him a job. He has not been here more than a week or ten days."

"You're sure?"

"Then why did Alainé lie to me? I asked her about the chauffeur, and she told me his name was Purvis and that he had been here two years."

"You're usually pretty clever, Nina, but this time you've floundered a bit. Alainé must have thought you meant the chauffeur. Smith, as he calls himself, isn't chauffeur; he's a washer, a garage man. When you said chauffeur she thought you meant Purvis, and so—"

"I see. I tell you frankly, Gordon, I am sure that that man is Robin Marchant."

"What's his game?" Rawley asked. "Why is he here? Do you think that girl knows?"

"I don't know, but I shall find out. Do you think that Collinor—that Farrell knows?"

"I don't know that either. How can I say I

I know nothing, but I'm sure it's the man, and I am going to watch him. I meant to have kept this to myself, but I thought I had made a mistake, and so now you know. But don't say a word. What light is that burning there?"

"That's Oh, Farrell's study!" Rawley replied with a laugh. "I wonder what he studies. Let us go and talk to him."

They moved side by side along the scented path towards the lighted room. Then suddenly they paused, and the woman laid her hand on the man's arm.

The blind of Farrell's study was drawn down, but someone standing between the window and the light cast a strong silhouette upon it.

It was the shadow of a woman, and, moreover, she was wearing a hat.

"A visitor?" Rawley muttered.

"Be quiet! Listen!"

Listening, they could hear nothing but the stifled muttering of voices. The woman moved nearer to the French window, and there was a click as the latch inside was lifted.

"To-morrow." Very clearly and distinctly, though uttered in an undertone, the word came to them.

"To-morrow, and mind you don't fail me this time. There isn't a fun stick in a place like that for a girl like me."

FARRELL'S VISITOR.

THE door opened and the woman stepped out. By the sudden light from the room the watchers could see her fairly distinctly. She was a tall, black-haired, black-eyed country maiden, generously formed, with red cheeks and upturned nose, pretty in the bold, country way.

"To-morrow," she repeated, and stepped briskly down the path, making a sudden turn to the left.

Follow her quietly! I'll stay here," Nina muttered. The man nodded and hurried away, making no sound; and the woman, unconscious that she was being pursued, went on her way.

Meanwhile, Farrell had closed the door. Nina waited a few minutes, then she heard the soft rustle that told her that Rawley had come back.

"Well?"

"She's gone," he reported. "She had a bicycle hidden in the hedge; she rode off down the road towards the village."

"Who is she?"

"How do I know? I can guess, though. When I remembered Farrell that he was a comparatively young man, and might marry again and find an heir to this place, he told me that the same idea had occurred to him."

"So that's it. I thought we would go and talk to him, but I don't fancy we will, after all. To-morrow you will form your own opinion. If Alainé means to keep you at arm's length, then you can use the man and demand his help."

"Good night!" She nodded to him and moved swiftly and silently towards the door which had let them into the garden. She went and left him in the smoke another cigar there in the stillness among the scent of the flowers, to think his thoughts and make his plans.

Alainé was up bright and early the following morning, for rarely was the sun much ahead of her. She stepped out into the garden, glorious in the morning sunshine, which made the dew sparkle like diamonds on the petals of the flowers. She gathered a great bunch of roses, and then turned her steps in the direction of the garage yard.

It was too early, she thought. For Smith to be there. A narrow ditch would hardly be at his work so soon after sun up. Yet he was there.

Surprised, he stared at her, and she stared back at him. For a moment neither had a word to say.

Nothing fairer than this girl standing there in the morning sunlight, with her arms full of flowers, had he ever seen. He wanted to tell her so. Instead, he restricted himself to telling her of his admiration of the flowers.

"They are lovely," he remarked, "and at their best with the morning dew on them."

"I—I did not know anyone was here."

"I often stroll up here early," he said. He came towards her. Perhaps there was something strange in the look of him, for she turned to fly.

"You—you couldn't spare me one, just one?" he asked lightly.

"She tossed her head and her eyes flashed anger at him. "I did not pick flowers to give them to—you."

"Now she's up on her high horse again," he thought. He smiled at her and she turned her back and walked deliberately away.

One rose became detached from the rest and fell to the ground. She did not notice or—

Smith picked it up and looked at it, then at that stately little, black-haired woman. "He said," she said drop that rose on purpose," he said.

Another fine instalment will appear to-morrow.



Better than soap & water for the face

A gentle massage with OATINE Face Cream cleanses the delicate skin of the face and neck far more thoroughly than soap and water, and it works wonders with the complexion at the same time. You can test this with a towel. Rub OATINE into the skin to-night and then "dry" the face on a white towel. You will be surprised to find the towel is black—not with OATINE, but with grime from your skin. OATINE undoes all the harm that the smoky cities do to your skin. Use OATINE every night for your beauty's sake. In dainty pots, of all Chemists, 1/6 and 3/-.

Oatine

FACE CREAM

In addition to Oatine Cream, the following Oatine Toilet Preparations make an irresistible outfit to all who appreciate first-class quality and good value.

Oatine Snow, 1/8; Tooth Paste, 1/8; Face Powder 1/8; Shampoo Powder, each 3d.; Soap, 4d., 10d. and 14s. a tablet; Shaving Stick, 1/8; Shaving Cream, 1/8.

A FREE TOILET OUTFIT

Send 4d. in stamps for a free toilet outfit containing Samples of Oatine Cream, Snow, Toilet Soap, Face Powder, Tooth Paste, Shampoo Powder, together with a descriptive booklet containing valuable toilet hints and instructions for face massage.

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Art Catalogue showing colours and giving cash and easy terms prices, post free.

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Is your life a misery owing to attacks of that awful, strangling cough, which torments you day and night? If so, Potter's Asthma Cure is what you want. It gives immediate relief, however great your suffering. Wonderful also in bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and other lung troubles. Best remedy for bronchitis of children.

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

is supplied by Chemists, Herbalists and Stores for 1/6, or post free 1/8 from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 61, Arbury Lane, London, E.C.1.

A Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture and Asthma Cigarettes, together with book "Are you Asthmatic?" will be sent to every reader who encloses 2d. stamp. Write and mention this paper.

Sign this Form to-day and post to address above.

Name.....

Address.....

"Daily Mirror"

POLICE NIGHT RAID ON GAMBLING DEN.

Serbian Fined £100; German Sent to Prison.

FARGO GANG TRAPPED.

Man Who Was Interned in England During War.

A police night raid on an alleged gaming house in the West End had a sequel at Marlborough-street yesterday when John Petkovits, a Serbian, of Upper Marylebone-street, and Charles Plath, a German, of Great Titchfield-street, were charged with keeping a common gaming house at Upper Marylebone-street.

Ten other men of various nationalities were charged with being found on the premises. All the men pleaded guilty.

Mr. Barker, prosecuting for the police, said observation was kept on a hairdresser's shop in Upper Marylebone-street. Superintendent Mackay rang the bell on Sunday night, and the door was opened by one of the frequenters.

The superintendent went to the first floor back room and found the men round a table playing faro. Plath was acting as banker.

Superintendent Mackay stated who he was, and no one made any reply, but a grab was made for some silver which was on the table. The total amount found on the table and on the defendants was £20 14s. 2d.

Plath, said Mr. Barker, was charged in January, 1921, with assisting in the conduct of a common gaming house at Poland-street and sentenced to two months' and recommended for deportation. Germany, however, refused to have him, as he was interned in England all through the war. They said he had lost his nationality.

Superintendent Mackay stated that Petkovits had for some time been carrying on the hairdresser's shop at the premises where the gaming took place.

Mr. d'Eyncourt fined Petkovits £100 and £10 10s. costs, or three months' imprisonment, and warned him that he would be deported if he appeared again.

Plath, said the magistrate, had had warning, and he would be sentenced to three months' hard labour and recommended for deportation.

"We cannot," said Mr. d'Eyncourt, "get much out of Germany. We will send them something."

The other men were bound over.

STOPPING ROAD-HOG.

Invention for Releasing Number Plate After Collision.

If the invention of Mr. Thankful Sturdee is adopted by Scotland Yard and the Home Office it seems certain that the mad career of the road-hog is over.

Mr. Sturdee has devised and patented a scheme whereby the motorist's number plate falls into the road as soon as a collision, however slight, takes place.

This is accomplished by attaching the number plate to the car by means of a glass rod. Directly the steel arm protecting the bonnet comes in contact with a resisting object the glass rod snaps, releasing the plate, which can be conveniently collected by the police.

It has been argued that the road hog could stop, pick up his number plate, re-adjust it and drive on again. This, however, would be impossible except in very lonely parts of the country and even then he would be obliged to spend a lot of time fitting in a new glass rod.

The appliance, of course, would only be effective if its universal adoption were made compulsory.

'LISTENERS-IN' WARNING

Post Office Issue Notice About 'Unauthorised Inspectors.'

The General Post Office issues a warning to all persons owning wireless sets to be on their guard against "unauthorised inspectors."

It has been decided that action is to be taken against all the users of wireless sets who have failed to secure the necessary Post Office licence.

They will be visited by telephone inspectors, who will be armed with the proper authority.

MRS. CRAWSHAY-WILLIAMS.

In our issue of January 26 a photograph was published purporting to be Mrs. Crawshaw-Williams, who has filed a petition for divorce against her husband. We are now informed that the photograph is not of the lady referred to, and we tender our sincere apologies and regrets for this mistake.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

By Our City Editor.

Markets were all easier today on the various political developments over the weekend, and the further relapse in the exchange, marks being 150,000 and francs distinctly lower—Paris 74.65, Brussels 85.65, International favourites were especially depressed.

War Loan was dull 100 1/2-3/4, but Home Bonds were a bright spot; Herwick deferred 34 1/2, Coras 16, Underwood Income, Russian Income and the 4 per cent record low value of the P. L. M. & L. 7 1/2 in French rail.

Baroness rose to 22 and Maypyles 72, and Lesters 30 1/2. 6 1/2 were harder, but generally industrial closed dull. "Daily Mirror" shares steady 42 1/2. "Daily Mail" 40 1/2.

ARMLESS MAN'S SKILL

Major Who Can Write, Swim and Play Billiards.

INVENTED LIMBS.

Although Major Frank B. Edwards, late of the 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles, had both his arms blown off below the elbow in the fighting on the Somme in October, 1915, he can write, swim, play billiards and golf.

To many men such injuries would have seemed the end of all things, but Major Edwards decided during his convalescence that he would not be more of a burden to his friends than was absolutely necessary.

Necessity being mother of invention, Major Edwards proceeded to design various attachments to what remained of his arms, and can now do many things that a person possessed of both hands can do.

At billiards he finds he can play as well as he could with his hands and recently he made a break of 42, while at golf, where the handicap is greater, he is improving rapidly.

He uses an ordinary billiard cue, but his golf clubs have to be specially made.

Major Edwards is an Englishman, who went to Canada in 1899.

He was mobilised for war in August, 1914, and went to France early in 1915.

Going back to Canada in 1917 he held various positions in the Canadian Army. He has now returned to this country with his wife, and has settled at Southwold (Suffolk), so that his three children may have the advantage of an English education.

His writing is as good as before he lost his hands.

"JUSTICE MISARRIED."

Two Convictions Quashed and Two Penal Sentences Reduced.

Two convictions were quashed and two penal sentences were reduced yesterday in the Criminal Appeal Court.

In allowing the appeal of Henry Heathfield, who was sentenced at Cardiff to three years for housebreaking, the Lord Chief Justice said Heathfield's brother, who was a fellow prisoner, made a statement that incriminated the appellant, any statement made by a fellow prisoner should be accepted with great reserve. There had been a miscarriage of justice.

The conviction of George Manning, twenty-two, who was sentenced at the Middlesex Sessions to nine months' hard labour for alleged housebreaking and theft, was also quashed on account of irregularities at the trial.

Sentence of five years' penal servitude, passed at Leeds on Parker Greenwood for shopbreaking, was reduced to nine months, the Lord Chief remarking that as the man had been in asylums, the state of his mind would be examined.

Harry Shaw, who was sentenced to five years at Leicestershire Sessions for an attack on a schoolmistress at Oswon, had his sentence reduced to eighteen months' hard labour on the ground that the woman's injuries were not serious.

'THE HORSE'S CHAMPION.'

London Constable Who Detected 2,000 Cruelty Cases Retiring.

Horses will lose a good friend in the retirement from the police force of Constable Beasley, of Lavender Hill Police Station, S.W.

Known as "the horse's champion," Constable Beasley is the terror of cruel owners, and during his service has brought over 2,000 cases of cruelty to the notice of the authorities.

The Daily Mirror found him yesterday in plain clothes examining a horse which was suffering from sore shoulders. Later the owner was fined at the police court and the horse ordered a rest.

The constable's greatest achievement was the detection of fourteen cases of ill-used horses in one day.

On his retirement, which will take place in about two weeks, he hopes to continue his good work in the uniform of the R.S.P.C.A.

HUNGER MARCHERS THROW AWAY BREAD.

Restaurants Invaded and Meals Demanded.

"GUARDIANS WILL PAY."

Unemployed hunger-marchers created scenes in Brighton yesterday, following a refusal to eat a breakfast of plenty of bread, butter and porridge provided by the guardians.

The men belonged to a contingent of some 103 who arrived in Brighton from London on Sunday, and demanded a meal at the workhouse. Some forty bread rolls were found scattered about the street outside.

Following a hurriedly called meeting of the guardians, the men were installed in comfortable quarters for the night.

When breakfast arrived yesterday the men declared that it was not good enough, and the bread and butter was quickly scattered all over the room.

They then broke up into small parties. Most of them removed their hats and red ties and invaded various restaurants and eating-houses in the town, demanding to be served with hot meals.

When asked for payment they referred the proprietors to the guardians.

BUNDLED OUT.

At one establishment they ordered and consumed eleven rashers of bacon and twenty-two eggs. At another they obtained twelve breakfasts without payment, while a party of about fifty entered Hurs' Hotel, took possession of the dining-room and demanded to be served.

They then marched to the Royal Albion Hotel. Inspector Tester with about a dozen policemen followed, and those who would not go quietly were promptly bundled out.

The Rev. W. Pickering, who was with the men, asked to see the proprietor, Mr. Harry Preston, the veteran sportsman, who on arrival ordered Mr. Pickering to leave the hotel.

Mr. Pickering attempted to parley, but upon Mr. Preston "framing up" and challenging him or the best man among his followers to a bout with fists, the whole crowd beat a hasty retreat.

From place to place the invaders went, followed by police, and a number of arrests were made.

Most of the marchers carried sticks, while from the pocket of one was abstracted a huge jagged flint, which was used as a weapon.

The marchers threaten to remain for a week or longer unless their demands for hot meals are satisfied by the guardians.

TABLE TENNIS MATCHES.

Many Contests for "Daily Mirror" Championships Begin This Week.

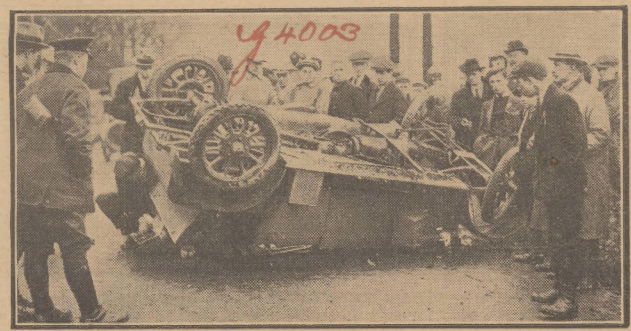
This week the matches for The Daily Mirror Table Tennis Championships will begin at many centres, and by next week they should be in full swing all over the United Kingdom.

The All-England Table Tennis Club, which has magnificent premises at the new London Club, 5, King-street, Baker-street, W., is handling many hundreds of the London entries.

In South-West London the biggest centre will be at Messrs. Arding and Hobbs, the well-known Clapham Junction sports. The popular store of Messrs. Beavalls, Ltd., at Kingston-on-Thames, will accommodate the entrants from a large Surrey area. Details of other centres will shortly be announced.

Competitors are reminded that the champion ships are being held in aid of the National Institute for the Blind. Colonel C. Bartlett, the sports appeal secretary of the institute, has thrown himself whole-heartedly into the scheme, and an excellent national organisation has been built up for the control of the games.

Table tennis enthusiasts will appreciate the fact that the assistance of the N.I.B., and the powerful social influences it can bring to bear, will considerably enhance the prestige of the game, and do more to place it on a well-organised national basis than anything that has happened in recent years. This should ensure for the N.I.B. the strongest possible financial support.



An overturned motor-car which was in collision with another car on the Hatfield-Potters Bar road. The driver was injured.

There is ADDED ZEST in February DANCING

It is the extreme contrast between the cosy warmth of the ballroom and the nipping cold of the street which fills the Palais de Danse with eager patrons.

Afternoon or evening, it is all the same. There is an irresistible allure in this, London's premier dancing academy—where every hour is crammed with sixty minutes of sparkling life—high spirits—and purest artistry in all its phases.

PALAIS de DANSE

London—Hammersmith.

W. F. MITCHELL, Sole Managing Director.

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from 3 to 6 p.m.	from 8 to 12 p.m.
2/6	Monday, Wednesday, Friday and 1/- day.
FEB. 12th	2/6
NAVY LEAGUE FANCY DRESS BALL	Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday 5/-
5/-	NOVELTY NIGHTS, THURSDAYS
	Free distribution of Carnival Societies
	H 26 (2)

ARE YOU NERVOUS TIMIDITY, BLUSHING

DO YOU OFTEN STAY AT HOME

—and think how you would like to meet people, go to social gatherings and really enjoy yourself, but are deterred from doing so by the dread of self-consciousness, shyness, blushing? A fatal handicap if you are ambitious. STOP! Buy your "Nervousness Cure" at once. It is a simple, no auto-suggestion or drill. Write to-day, for full particulars will be sent free privately if you send 1/- to: Mr. E. M. DEAN, 12, All Saints-road, St. Ann's-on-Sea.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

A. TITHEB. Teeth sold. Bought at 20 per cent. more than other prices; no misleading prices; call or post. The London Teeth Co., 10, B. St. P. 25, Baker-street, W. A. TITHEB. Teeth (Old) Bought, best prices given; up to 7 1/2 per cent. plainer on vulcanite, 12s. on silver, 12s. on gold, 22s. on platinum; cash or order by return; if other not accepted teeth returned; post free; satisfaction guaranteed. S. Cann and Co., 10, B. St. P. 25, Baker-street, W. A. TITHEB. Teeth (Old) Bought, genuine prices lately increased, up to 8s. each on vulcanite, silver 15s., gold 15s., 6d., platinum 22s.; call or post; cash or order; men's teeth, 12s. on vulcanite, 12s. on silver, 12s. on gold, 22s. on platinum. 100 years. Also at 35, Duke-street, Brighton. A. TITHEB. Teeth (Old) Bought—Messrs. Browning, Dental Manufacturer, 79, R. Thompson-street, Oxford-street, London, W. 1, the Original Firm, who do not advertise the misleading prices; full value by return of post or order made. Est. 100 years. A. TITHEB. CO. buys old Silver 2s. 6d., Gold 24 oz., Platinum 212 oz., 4. Kentish Town-road, N.W. 1. CONDITION no object; wanted ladies' gent's, children's castings; dentures, cash same day—Parker and Co., 22, G. Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London. HAVE YOU anything to sell? We buy old gold, silver, precious stones, antiques, dental plates and jewellery of every description; best prices given; cheques by return. Scott and Goulding, 10, B. St. P. 25, Baker-street, W. 1, London, W.C. 2. HIGH price paid for old jewellery, diamonds, gold, silver, antiques, plated goods, dental plates; cheques same day—Stanley's Galleries, 33, Oxford-street, London.

MARKETING BY POST.

FISH.—Always buy direct and ensure satisfaction; try Live Fish Co., Grimsby Docks; parcels of fish cleaned and sent, cart, paid from 4s. upwards. FISH.—Buy direct to secure good quality and variety; specially packed 4s., eggs, pl. cleaned; Lister Bros; trade supplied.—Star Fish Co., Grimsby. FISH.—Always buy direct and ensure satisfaction; try Live Fish Co., Grimsby Docks; parcels of fish cleaned and sent, cart, paid from 4s. upwards; prime quality, cleaned, cart, pl.; Fishmongers and Piers supplied with Fresh Fish, Cart, Paid, same day—Grimsby. FISH.—Fish from the sea, carriage paid to your door; sample package 4s.; special terms to Clubs, Colleges, etc.; price list, free; years' reputation for quality and value.—Live Fish Co., Grimsby Docks.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. DE you 1st? Nature's only remedy. Thinner Tablets, free in plain wrapper. 1/- 3d.—Bristol Co., 15, Lambert House, Langiate Hill, E.C. 4. REFUSE or story Writing Paper, trial boxes free. A. Mander, Premier School, 4, Adam-st., Adelphi, W.C. 2. CARNIVAL Novelties.—Paper hats, rattles, streamers, balloons, and all novelties for dancing parties, etc., sent for list.—Clay 12, Lauderdale-parade, Maiden Vale, London, W. 9. DON'T blow your brains out; use Colliville Catarrh Cure. D. guaranteed. 1/- From Colliville and Co. (Dept. D.M.), 1, Nevill-street, London, W. 1. FREE.—Dainty copy of 2s. worth for stamp.—Cook, 8, Bankers' Hall, Dover. SAFETY Blades (any) electrically resharpened, 1s. 6d., post free.—Healey, 354, Heather-bldg., Birmingham.



Turn to the pets' page—

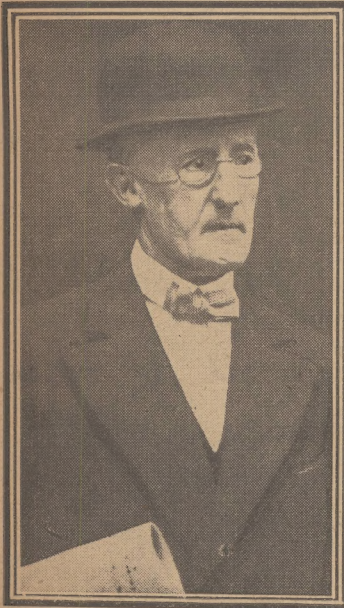


—and forget your worries.

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

HOME FROM "MESPOT."



Sir Percy Cox, High Commissioner for Mesopotamia, leaving the Colonial Office yesterday after seeing the Duke of Devonshire, Secretary for the Colonies. He is to discuss reduction of Middle East armaments.

ACCIDENT



Mr. Joseph Bushnell, hurt in lift crash.



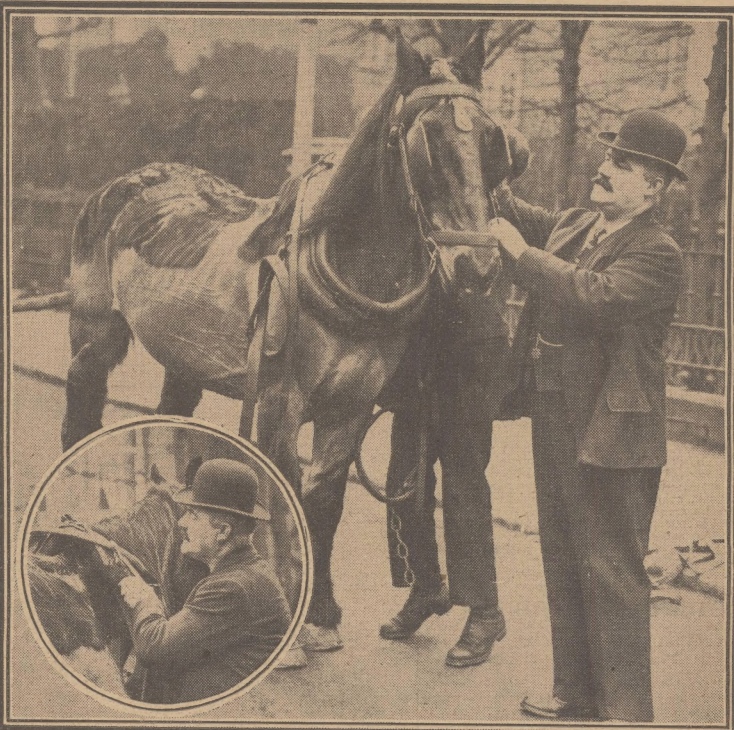
Mr. J. Ridgwell, injured.



Mr. H. J. Allen, hurt.

Six men were injured yesterday in a lift at Bishopsgate which stuck. Five men got in to start it, and it dropped 50 ft. into the basement.

CONSTABLE WHO HAS HELPED 2,001 HORSES



P.C. Beasley (also inset), of Battersea, who is shortly retiring, is so keen a lover of horses that up to yesterday he had "taken up" 2,000 in the streets as unfit for work. When our photographer called on him yesterday he found him examining the 2,001st. It was taken to the police court, where its owner was fined £1. Mr. Beasley hopes when he retires in a fortnight to continue his work with the R.S.P.C.A.



SINGER AND HOUNDS.—Dame Nellie Melba at the meet of the Eridge Foxhounds at Old Buckhurst. She is the guest of Lord Henry Nevill, the M.P.H., and will sing at Tunbridge Wells to-morrow.



STAGE BETROTHAL.—Miss Shirley Huxley, the actress, and Mr. Alfred Turner, manager of the Winter Garden Theatre, who are to be married on Thursday at the Chapel Royal, Savoy. Miss Huxley is an Australian.



MILITANT BAVARIA.—Villagers in the Bavarian mountains, in national costume, parading for the dedication of the first flag of the Bavarian Citizen Army.



THE KING'S VISITOR.—Sobhusa II., the Paramount Chief of Swaziland, leaving his house in Maida Vale for his audience with the King yesterday.